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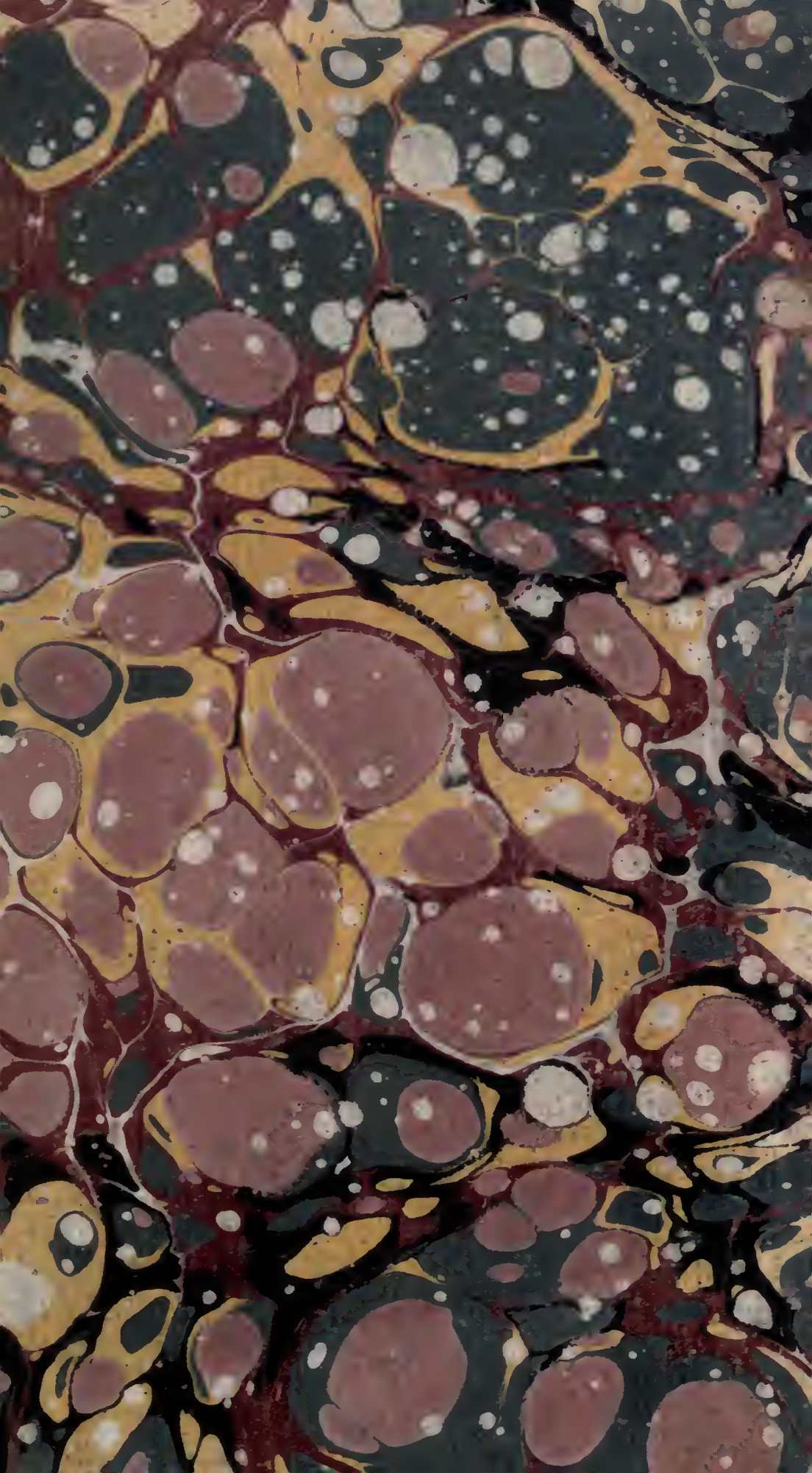

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WILLIAM SEDLEY;

OR, THE

EVIL DAY DEFERRED.

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Published Oct. 1.st 1783. by John Marshall & Co. Aldermary Church Yard, London.

WILLIAM SEDLEY;

OR, THE

EVIL DAY DEFERRED.

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CHURCH-YARD, IN

BOW-LANE.

To Master ------.

THE pleaſure which you take in reading, made me ſolicitous to write a few pages for your amuſement, when you wiſh to unbend your mind from more ſerious ſtudies. But the want of opportunity, and the frequent interruptions which I met with during the courſe of them, have rendered the whole leſs worthy your ac-

ceptance than I had hoped, when I firſt formed the deſign. My affection for you, incites me to wiſh your improvement in every branch of uſeful knowledge; and though this little work may be regarded as *trifling*, yet, the *moral* which it contains, is worthy your moſt ſerious attention. Do not, therefore, be too proud to receive inſtruction from its contents, becauſe you have commenced acquaintance with *Greek* or *Latin* authors. It is from a

ſuperficial knowledge either of men or books, that we derive a ſupercilious contempt of the one, or are critically nice in our judgment of the other. I would wiſh you, my dear boy, to form your taſte on the moſt perfect models; but to profit by every thing which is praiſe-worthy in thoſe authors who are leſs diſtinguiſhed. Above all, you ſhould remember, that to improve your *temper*, and to encreaſe in *virtue* as well as *knowledge*, is the great end

of all your ſtudies; nothing which can promote this deſign, can be too low to merit your attention. That you may each day continue to advance in your progreſs towards every thing which is great, generous, and manly, till you become an ornament of ſociety, a bleſſing to your friends, and the delight of your indulgent parents, is the moſt earneſt wiſh of,

Your affectionate Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

WILLIAM SEDLEY;

OR, THE

EVIL DAY DEFERRED.

"IT is a delightful morning!" ſaid a gentleman to a boy of about twelve years old, as he walked up and down an avenue with high trees on each ſide, which led to a handſome houſe. A coach drove, at that moment, out of the court-yard. "What a

fine day!" repeated the gentleman. "I think, *William*, the roads will be extremely pleaſant." *William* made no anſwer. The tears trickled down his cheeks, which he wiped away with the back of his hand.

A little chimney-ſweeper had crept along till he came to the place; and toſſing down his bag of ſoot at the foot of a tree, ſtood gazing at the cloaths of the young gentleman, and ſecretly wiſhed he was but as happy. He beckoned to his companion, who ſat at a little diſtance gnawing a ſtale cruſt, which he had received from the good-nature of a neighbouring farmer; and as he came forward, "Look, *Jack*," ſaid he, "what

a fine coach that is, with thoſe long tail nags: that boy is going to ride, I warrant; and yet he looks as ſad as if he was one of us. I wonder what ſuch fine folks can have to make them uneaſy. If I was that boy, and had my belly-full, as he has, and ſuch good cloaths to my back, and might ride in that ſame coach, I ſhould be as happy as a king. *O how I wiſh I was that boy!*"

William turned round at this ſpeech, and ſmiling at the chimney-ſweeper, aſked him his name? The poor fellow, with a ſcrape of his foot, which he meant as a bow of reſpect, told him, that his name was *Tony Climbwell*; and

that he lived at the next village. "Well then, *Tony*," replied *William*, "I would adviſe you not to envy every one you ſee; for I would willingly change places with you to enjoy your liberty. I am going back to ſchool, *Tony*, after a month's holidays; and if you knew how unhappy I am when there, you would pity my ſituation; and not envy the joys of it."

The gentleman before-mentioned, had gone into the houſe to enquire for his lady, who was to complete the party, and convey his ſon to ſchool. It was in this interval, that the following converſation paſſed between the two boys and the young gentleman.

" Indeed, maſter," replied *Tony*, " if we *could* change places, you would find you had made but a ſorry choice. Our liberty, as you call it, is not to do as we like. To be ſure, I am a very poor boy, and have had no learning; for I can neither read nor ſpell; but if I take it right, *liberty* means ſomething ſuch as to be your own maſter, don't it? at leaſt, I know when *Simon Penny-leſs* was ſent to goal, people ſaid, " That the next week he would be ſet at liberty;" " and that was, that he was to be let out again. Now *we* go about every morning ſweeping chimnies" —— " And walk," ſaid *William*, interrupting him, " where you pleaſe all the

reſt of the day. At our ſchool we have ſcarce any time for play, and are confined from ſix till eight, from nine till twelve, and from two till five o'clock, without any amuſement whatever. Don't tell me, therefore, *Tony*, that our life is not much more uncomfortable than your's. Beſides which, we have long taſks to learn after ſchool-hours are over; and are thraſhed, and ſcolded, if we cannot ſay them perfect; and then to think it will be *ſix* months before I ſee my father and mother!"——*William* wept again; the thought was too pathetic for his feelings; and he drew his fore-finger acroſs his left eye, and then ſtroaked it the con-

trary way, to wipe off the drops which ſtood trembling in his right. — " But I have no father or mother," replied *Tony*, " nor a ſingle ſoul in the world to care what becomes of me, except my miſtreſs, who is the beſt woman that ever lived; and would give me ſome victuals if ſhe could; but ſhe dares not for her own ſake; for her huſband is ſo cruel, that he would beat her if ſhe did. He makes us work hard; and ſtarves us into the bargain. This poor fellow," added he, pointing to his companion, " whom we call *Little Shock*, from his curling locks, is but ſix years old; and has been bound apprentice this twelvemonth; and I was

no older myſelf when I firſt went to my maſter, which is near ſeven years ago; and I love the boy dearly, that I do, as much as if he was my own brother; and frequently do I get the broom thrown at my head, becauſe I do not beat him when he cries at going up a narrow chimney, or does not ſweep it as he ſhould do." "But is not your maſter *obliged* to give you food enough?" ſaid *William*. "Why don't you complain to ſomebody? I would, if I was in your place." "Ah! Sir," replied the ſooty-faced boy, "you talk like a gentleman, and know nothing of the matter. Whom would you have us complain to? And do not you think

our maſter would uſe us much worſe if we did? You wiſhed juſt now to change places with us; but if you did, you would ſoon alter your mind."

As he pronounced theſe laſt words, the carriage which had been waiting, drove to a little diſtance, to make way for another coach, which then arrived. It contained a very venerable looking old gentleman, whom *William* called his grandfather, and immediately left the chimney-ſweepers to welcome; and with great expreſſions of joy, accompanied him into the houſe. They were met in the hall by the gentleman and lady before-mentioned,

whom I ſhall call by the name of *Sedley*. After the uſual compliments were over, and they had informed their father, Mr. *Graves*, of their intention to take *William* to ſchool, he begged a reprieve for him for a few days, as he much wiſhed to enjoy the pleaſure of his company. A compliance with this requeſt diſſipated the ſadneſs of *William*'s countenance; and he jumped about with a degree of vivacity that ſeemed to afford pleaſure to all his friends.

Mr. *Graves* was one of thoſe old men, whoſe features are always impreſſed with ſuch marks of good-nature as are pleaſing to

the volatile ſpirits of youth. Though he was turned of eighty, he would ſometimes partake in the diverſions of his grandſon; and while his inſtructions commanded reſpect, his mildneſs and affability excited the warmeſt affection. When he had taken his afternoon's nap in an eaſy chair, which was placed in one corner of the room for that purpoſe, he got up, and after ſhaking his cloaths, ſtroaking down his ruffles, and adjuſting his wig, aſked *William* if he was diſpoſed for a walk.

They ſallied out together, the invitation being willingly accepted. The good man taking his

ſtick in one hand, and reſting the other on the ſhoulder of his young companion, enquired whether he had had any converſation with the black boys, with whom, at his arrival, he had found him engaged. *William* repeated the ſubſtance of what had paſſed; and concluded with ſaying, "He believed he *was* happier than honeſt *Tony*, though it muſt almoſt counterbalance all his ſufferings to be exempted from the conſtant uneaſineſs of learning a taſk." "I am ſorry," replied Mr. *Graves*, "that you have formed ſuch a wrong eſtimate of your ſituation in life; and I ſhould have expected, that the ſtriking incident of this

morning, would have taught you to be contented and thankful with the real happineſs of your lot. Though I am a very old man, *William*, I have not forgotten what were my own troubles at your time of life. Study I often found to be irkſome, and confinement the heavieſt of all evils; and therefore, I ſhall not preach to you, that you will never in future be ſo happy as you now are; becauſe, if you feel yourſelf to be otherwiſe, you will pay little attention to ſuch an aſſurance: but thus much I will ſay, and hope you will credit my experience, that all the uneaſineſs you complain of, may be *mitigated*, if not entirely overcome,

by your own diligence and reſolution. It is by idleneſs and neglect, that your difficulties are encreaſed. The more diſagreeable you find your ſtudies, the more you are diſpoſed to poſtpone the neceſſary attention which they require. But this, my dear boy, is a very wrong method. The *beginning* of every attempt will always be irkſome; but thoſe who are too indolent to beſtow a continued degree of care and aſſiduity, will never arrive at perfection. *My William* cannot be deſtitute of emulation; if he ſees others excel, he muſt wiſh to equal their attainments. It is the meaneſt of human minds, that will *envy* another's merit; but

the nobleſt diſpoſition will endeavour to improve by a good example. Every ſtate has its troubles. When you leave ſchool, the *ſame* cares will not perplex you, but *others* equally ſevere may ariſe, which now you are unacquainted with. Have you not oftentimes been taught, that every period of life has its particular duties; and the duty of your age and ſtation is to attend to the inſtructions of your maſters, and to learn what they deſire you, when they require it with cheerfulneſs?" "Then ſurely, Sir," replied *William*, "*Tony* is in a happier ſtate than I am, ſince he has no taſks to get by heart; and his *duty* of ſweeping

a chimney is eaſily performed. I ſhould like to ſweep a chimney of all things." "Perhaps you might," returned his grandfather. "Any thing will give us pleaſure when we do it for amuſement; but ſhould you like to have the broom thrown at your head when you had done? or ſhould you enjoy going without your meals, and ſtrolling about in all weathers to beg from ſtrangers the miſerable ſupply to your hunger? It is very wrong to wiſh for a change of ſituation with any one, ſince none can be acquainted with the ſecret uneaſineſs of his neighbour's mind. *Tony* had ſome reaſon indeed to wiſh for your ſtation in life;

but even *he* would have been deceived; for had he made the exchange, and been poſſeſſed of your inclinations with your fortune, he would ſtill have found himſelf diſappointed; ſince you eſteemed yourſelf at that moment as the moſt unhappy being, in the neceſſity of returning to ſchool, and was prevented by the error of your deſires from any enjoyment of your ſuperior advantages. This is a uſeful leſſon, my child, to teach you contentment; for, believe me, though trials and temptations of the poor, are in moſt caſes ſtronger than you can any ways imagine, if *you* are inclined, by a love of play, to leave your ſtudies, and deſert your

duty, reflect how often *they* may be tempted to steal from others those necessary comforts of which they stand in need; and how much they are exposed to the danger of becoming wicked from the example of others and their own ignorance! I should like to see your new chimney-sweeper acquaintance," continued Mr. *Graves*, " and though I do not approve of your mixing with such companions, I think you should not have left him without relieving his wants: perhaps he might have been very hungry, and has not had a good dinner since, as you have, to satisfy his appetite."

William was backward and ſomewhat ſtupid at his learning, but he wanted not ſenſe; and his tenderneſs and good-nature were uncommon.

"Poor fellow," ſaid he, "your arrival, and the joy of ſeeing you, made me forget him; but I will find out where he lives, and do all I can to make amends for my forgetfulneſs.—Dear Sir, will you go with me? it is not a long way; we are now in ſight of the village." "Though the diſtance is not very great," replied Mr. *Graves*, "yet the winding path, which leads to it, is farther than I can reach without fatigue. I will therefore reſt my-

ſelf upon the ſtump of this tree, and ſhall be entertained in your abſence with the proſpect of the country: the view of which, from this eminence, is delightful."

William ſet off, with a degree of ſwiftneſs that promiſed a ſpeedy return; but he had not proceeded far, when he was met by a *Jew*, who ſold trinkets of various ſorts; as buttons, watch-chains, pencils, and ſuch like things. He offered his wares to *William*, who at firſt refuſed to purchaſe them; but the man telling him he might as well look at, if he did not buy them; he was tempted to aſk the price of an ivory bilberkit, for which he

paid a ſhilling. A ſmall looking-glaſs, was a thing he had long wiſhed for; and as that was the ſame expence, he debated for a conſiderable time before he could determine which of the two to make choice of. One moment he began to play with the toy, and the next ſurveyed himſelf in the glaſs. Alternatively taking them up and laying them down, till the owner, who ſaw his eagerneſs for both, perſuaded him to have them.

He was walking ſlowly on, with his purchaſe in his hand, when a butcher's boy, and a lad who was driving ſome cows from the field to be milked, overtook

him with a neſt of blackbirds, in which were four young ones. *William* aſked what they would take for their prize? which they at firſt refuſed to ſell; but afterwards ſaid, he ſhould have it for a ſhilling. He objected that it was too much; and taking out his money, found that he had only half a guinea, which had been given him to take to ſchool, and which, therefore, he did not chuſe to change, and nine-pence half-penny, for which the boys agreed at laſt he ſhould have the blackbirds.

Once more then he proceeded in his journey to look for *Tony*. He ſoon found the houſe, and his

black acquaintance with a young child, whom he was teaching to walk. They renewed their intimacy, and *William* told him the deſign of his *viſit*; but coloured with confuſion when he recollected the ſituation of his money, which he had never thought of when he was making his bargains. He did not at all like to own the true ſtate of the caſe, nor did he know what method to purſue. He wiſhed to keep his gold for many reaſons, and he had beſide, neither ſilver nor copper. His *conſcience* urged him to give *Tony* ſomething; but he had pleaſed himſelf greatly with the thought of having a half-guinea in his pocket, which he

could call his own. His ſenſibility repreſented the wants of the orphan boy; but the pride of having a piece of *gold* in his poſſeſſion, overcame every conſideration of pity. "If you will call to-morrow at our houſe, *Tony*," ſaid he, "you ſhall have ſome bread and meat.—Good bye, I cannot ſtay any longer!" And away he went, with the uneaſy conſciouſneſs of having behaved wrong.

He was on his return to his grandfather, when *Jeffery Squander* and his ſiſter, who were taking a walk, met him as he was croſſing by the end of a lane. They had ſtopped to buy ſome

plum-cakes of a man with one leg, who made it his buſineſs to carry them about. *Jeffery* and *William* were neighbours and ſchool-fellows, and immediately ſaluted each other; the former inciting the other to follow his example. He refuſed at firſt, becauſe he had no money; but was very unwilling to make known his real reaſon. Upon being preſſed ſtill farther, he ſaid, "he had nothing but gold about him, which he ſuppoſed *Jonathan*, the cake man, could not give him change for, otherwiſe he ſhould be glad to eat ſome." *Jonathan* felt in a leathern bag, which was faſtened before him, and divided in the middle to

hold ſilver and halfpence, and ſaid, "he had money enough for the purpoſe." *William* was ſadly diſappointed; but as he could urge no farther objection, gave up his dear half-guinea with regret, and eat three plum-cakes with a worſe appetite than uſual.

Mr. *Graves*, in the mean time, had walked onward in queſt of his grandſon, whoſe ſtay began to give him ſome uneaſineſs. He came up with him juſt as he was finiſhing his laſt mouthful, and gently blamed him for the length of his abſence, at the ſame time inviting his companions to join him, and to return to Mr. *Sedley*'s. They po-

litely declined his offer, as they were engaged to ſpend the evening with an uncle.

As ſoon as they had taken leave, Mr. *Graves* enquired after the ſucceſs of *William*'s viſit. "You made me quite uneaſy," ſaid he, "I hope you have done a *great deal* of good. How much did you give honeſt *Tony?* or had you as much money as you wanted? I forgot to make that enquiry, you ſet off in ſuch a hurry." — *William* bluſhed, hung down his head, ſlackened his pace, and ſlunk behind his grandfather in ſilent confuſion. — Mr. *Graves* turned round, and taking his hand, "What has happened,

my boy," ſaid he, " to cover that open countenance with the ſuſpicious appearance of guilt? Or do I injure you, my noble child, and is it only the bluſh of your modeſty at the enquiry of your generoſity?" " Indeed, Sir," ſaid *William*, " I feel the keenneſs of your reproof. But if my honeſty in confeſſing can excuſe my fault, you ſhall be acquainted with the whole truth. I went from you with a full deſign to relieve poor *Tony*; but I ſoon overtook a *Jew* pedlar, and I was ſo weak as to ſpend my money in the purchaſe of this glaſs, and that bilberkit. Nine-pence I had ſtill left; and nine-pence would have been ſome-

thing for the chimney-ſweeper; but this bird's neſt which I have in my handkerchief, I am aſhamed of myſelf, Sir, but I gave that to the boys for the birds." "And was that all your money?" ſaid Mr. *Graves*. "Did you not pay for the cakes you were eating?" "Yes, Sir," replied *William*. "Then why had you nothing for the boy?" again enquired his grandfather. "Becauſe," returned *William*, bluſhing ſtill more, "I did not like to change half a guinea: nor ſhould I have done it, had not *Squander* ſeemed to think it mean of me, and I was afraid he would laugh at my ſtingineſs when we return to ſchool: for he has always ſo

much money, that he does not care how much he ſpends." "The frankneſs of your acknowledgment," replied Mr. *Graves*, "muſt entirely ſhield you from reproof; and you ſeem to be ſo ſenſible of your error, that I need not, perhaps, point it out with any further aggravations. I would not tire you with my advice, and yet I feel ſuch an intereſt in your happineſs, as makes me wiſh to obſerve the improvement which may ariſe from any incident that occurs. Young people are apt to paſs over every action without reflection; and when a day is once concluded, they think no more of their behaviour during the courſe of it. Our lives,

my dear *William*, are made up of *trifling* accidents; but if we incur guilt by behaving improperly, the future miſery of an uneaſy conſcience will be ill repaid by the enjoyment of any preſent pleaſure. You ſhould always, therefore, be upon your guard; ſince you ſee an occaſion to draw you into error, may ariſe where you leaſt expect it. To purchaſe the toys, or to buy the birds as the naughty boys had taken the neſt was not wrong; though if you know where they got it, I ſhould hope you would replace it. But when you had only that two ſhillings and ninepence, I think ſome part of it ought to have been ſaved for the

purpoſe on which you ſet out. But then, *William*, a worſe part of your conduct is ſtill to come. You were convinced that it was *right*, that it was your *duty*, to do ſomething for *Tony*; yet you left him without relief: while the fear of being *laughed* at by ſo ſilly a fellow as *Jeffery Squander*, had more effect upon you than your pity for your fellow creature, a boy of your own age in want. This weakneſs, I am much afraid, will often lead you into danger. Wicked people will laugh at you for being better than themſelves; but will by no means like to ſhare in the miſeries which your follies may incur."

As he concluded theſe words, they arrived within ſight of Mr. *Sedley*'s houſe, and were ſoon diſcovered by two children who were kneeling in the parlour window; but immediately upon ſeeing Mr. *Graves*, they jumped down, and came running to meet him. The eldeſt was a girl about a year older than *William*; and the other, little *Bob*, had the day before left off his petticoats, and honoured his birth-day with a ſuit of new boy's cloaths.

Miſs *Sedley* and her little brother had both been to dine with a neighbouring gentleman, in conſequence of their parents intention of conveying their ſon to

ſchool; which the reader has already heard Mr. *Graves*'s arrival had poſtponed. They both expreſſed their joy at the ſight of their grandfather, who took *Bob* in his arms to kiſs him; while *Nancy*, with a ſmile of delight, preſſed her brother's hand, and aſſured him of the pleaſure ſhe felt that ſhe ſhould have his company a few days longer.

Bob was ſo impatient, in the mean time, to ſhew his dreſs, that ſetting both his feet againſt his grandfather's ſtomach, he very nearly puſhed himſelf backwards. "Look, Sir," ſaid he, "Pray look at my buttons! I ſhall *ſoon* be a man now. I was

four years old yeſterday; and ſee, I have got a pocket to my waiſt-coat; and this is my new hand-kerchief." "Well," ſaid the old gentleman, "I will ſee them all preſently, but let me ſet you down firſt; you had very near tumbled us both on the graſs; and you are very heavy, I can tell you, in your new cloaths." "I dare ſay I am," returned *Bob*. "To be ſure, Sir, I am too big to be lifted now I am in breeches; and beſides, I have got money in my pocket; ſo it is no wonder I am heavy, for Mr. *Goodwill* the clergyman gave me ſix-pence yeſterday afternoon, becauſe, he ſaid, I was ſuch a good boy, that he was ſure I

ſhould take care and ſpend it properly.—And ſee what a nice one it is, Sir!" Mr. *Graves* took it in his hand, and admiring it greatly, gave it to little *Bob*, who turned it about with much pride and pleaſure as he walked along, till it unfortunately dropped down upon the graſs, and was loſt from his ſight. "O ſtop! ſtop!" ſaid he in a hurry, "my *ſix-pence!* my *own dear new ſix-pence!* what ſhall I do?" and immediately fell upon his hands and knees in ſearch of his treaſure. *William* did the ſame, and *Nancy* ſtooped forward to aſſiſt them; while their grandfather puſhed about the graſs with his ſtick, in

hopes by that mean to diſcover it. Their endeavours, for a long time, were in vain, and *Bob*'s impatience became ſo great, that he burſt into tears.

" Do not cry, my love," ſaid his ſiſter, " I have got a ſixpence which my papa gave me laſt *Thurſday* when I finiſhed his ſhirts, and you ſhall have that." " But it is bent and ugly," replied he: " It is not a *new* one: I do not like it: It is an ugly one. — O my pretty ſixpence! what ſhall I do for it?" " Not be a naughty boy! I hope, *Robert*," ſaid Mr. *Graves*: " you told me juſt now, you were almoſt a man; but this

behaviour, and theſe tears, look like a baby. I think *Nancy* is very kind to you; and I am aſhamed to ſee you make ſuch a return to her good-nature. However there is your ſix-pence," continued he, putting his ſtick cloſe to it." *Bob* jumped at it, and picking it up, kiſſed it moſt heartily, ſaying, "I am glad you are found: I will put you in my pocket, and never take you out again when I am walking." They ſoon reached the houſe; and found Mr. and Mrs. *Sedley* waiting tea for them: to whom Mr. *Graves* gave an account of their walk. During their converſation two gentlemen who were riding by ſtopped their horſes, and

looked up at the houſe. Mr. *Sedley* got up, and walking to the window with his cup lifted to his mouth, and the ſaucer in his left hand, "I wonder what thoſe gentlemen are looking for," ſaid he. "They ſeem to have miſtook their way." "O no! Papa," replied *Bob*, "I dare ſay they only ſtand ſtill to look at my new cloaths. They are ſurpriſed I ſuppoſe to ſee me in breeches." "Upon my word, child," ſaid his father, "you think yourſelf now of prodigious conſequence; but it is very ſilly and unlike the man you wiſh us to think you, to talk ſo much of your dreſs.——Your brother's behaviour," added he, turning to

Miſs *Sedley*, " puts me in mind of the little girl we met one day at Mr. *Wilmot*'s. Do not you remember her, *Nancy?* I think ſhe was called Miſs *Gaudery:* with her red ſilk ſlip, and fine gold watch. She looked ſo ſtiff as if afraid to ſtir. She would not walk in the garden for fear it ſhould ſpoil her ſhoes; nor ſit cloſe to her companions, that ſhe might not tumble her cuffs; nor would ſhe eat any ſtrawberries, becauſe if one happened to drop, it would ſtain her apron. In ſhort, all her attention was ſo evidently fixed upon her fine cloaths, that ſhe incurred the contempt of the company; who all agreed it was

much to be lamented, that her mind ſhould be neglected for the ſake of adorning her perſon. I know that dreſs is a very favorite ſubject with girls. And what pretty thing have you got? ſays one; and let me ſee your new cap, ſays another, when you have play-fellows come to ſee you. Is not that true, *Nancy?* And then you pull out your band-boxes; and this is my cloak; and this is my furbelowed apron; and here is my flounced petticoat; and that is my feathered bonnet; and in this drawer I put my ſhawl.— Tell me, *Nancy*, is not that the way you entertain and are entertained by your viſitors?"

"Thoſe with whom I am intimate," replied Miſs *Sedley* bluſhing, "I ſometimes ſhew my new cloaths to; but I do not wear half of thoſe things you have named: it would look ſtrange indeed to ſee a little girl in a furbelowed apron; at leaſt, I am ſure we ſhould not call it by that name. But pray, Sir, inform me whether you think there is any thing wrong in this practice, and I will not do it for the future?" "I do not mean, my dear," returned her father, "to blame that goodnature which would engage you to pleaſe your companions with the ſight of a new acquiſition; but to warn you from the

danger of a vain temper, which is proud of fancied finery, and imagines its worth to conſiſt in the ſmartneſs of dreſs rather than in real goodneſs. And I addreſs myſelf to *you* upon this ſubject; becauſe I think, that in general, girls are apt to ſhew a greater tendency to this failing than boys: but I hope my *Nancy* has too much good ſenſe to be proud of any thing which reflects no honor upon herſelf, but as ſhe behaves properly, and makes a right uſe of the advantage of fortune. The pleaſure which *Bob* has expreſſed in his new coat, has not ariſen from its being finer than his other cloaths, but becauſe he looks upon himſelf

as ſo much more like a *man* than he was before; but it is a certain proof from his ſpeaking ſo much about them, that it is a new thing to him; otherwiſe he would have thought no more of the circumſtance than does your brother *William*. So when a girl is dreſſed out to make a viſit, and takes particular notice of her ruffles, or her frock, or any other part of her dreſs, you may almoſt always be ſure ſhe is not accuſtomed to it. You do not look at thoſe ſhoes, nor think of that cap, becauſe you uſually wear them; and you ſhould endeavour to be as eaſy in your behaviour in your *beſt* as in your *common* garb; otherwiſe you appear ſtiff

and ungraceful, and will loſe every advantage which your dreſs is deſigned to produce. But above all, my girl, remember, that good-nature, affability, and ſweetneſs of manners, is the charm to render you agreeable; and will always have the power of pleaſing, independent of outward decorations."

"I hope," ſaid Mrs. *Sedley*, "that our *Nancy*'s good ſenſe will ſecure her from an error which is the ſtrongeſt mark of an uninformed mind. She has juſt favored me with the ſight of a little poetic piece, which was occaſioned by the behaviour of the child you have mentioned; and as you are ſo well acquainted with the author, I dare ſay ſhe

will oblige you with the peruſal. Mr. *Sedley* expreſſed his wiſhes to that purpoſe, and his daughter immediately fetched them down, and preſented them to her father, who read as follows:

'TWAS when the harveſt firſt began,
The ſky was clear, the air ſerene,
The ruſtics to their toil repair'd,
And *Julia* join'd the rural ſcene.

(*Julia* was fair with ev'ry grace,
Which art or nature can beſtow;
But ſtill her moſt engaging charms
From *modeſty* and *ſweetneſs* flow.

Nor *dreſs* nor beauty *claim'd* her care,
But objects of a *nobler* kind;
For well ſhe knew *interior* worth
Is ever ſeated in the *mind*.

Hence was ſhe ſtudious to acquire
Diſtinction worthy of her claim;

For learning, genius, virtue, ſenſe,
She ſtrove to win the prize of fame.)

With *her* a youthful band appear'd;
And blooming *Richard* led the way,
Who ſmiling as the nymphs advanc'd,
He ſeated on the new-mown hay.

One only laſs among the reſt
His offer'd hand with ſcorn diſdain'd;
And fir'd with *vanity* and *pride*
Thus angry to her friends complain'd:

" And do you think for this I came
In all my *elegant* array,
Only to treat yon ruſtic ſet,
And let *their* eyes my *dreſs* ſurvey?

D'ye think this ſlip was e'er deſign'd
Upon the dirty *hay* to reſt?
Or that for ſuch a *vulgar* ſcheme
I paid the viſit in my *beſt*?

What! my *beſt* ſhoes, my *feather'd* cap,
My *new* calaſh, forget them all;
And like the toiling wretches there
Conſent upon the *hay* to ſprawl?

Riſe! ladies, riſe! and quit the field:
I vow I bluſh to ſee you there:—
For ſhame! ſuch *mean* companions leave,
And to the *drawing room* repair.

O fie! Miſs *Julia*, do you ſmile,
And really like ſuch *vulgar* play?
At leaſt you'll dirt or ſpoil your frock,
If longer you preſume to ſtay."

"Hey-day!" quoth *Richard* in reply,
"I really know not my offence—
What! does the *dirt* on this dry hay,
The *dirt*, Miſs *Flavia*, drive you hence?

The *feathers* in your *cap*, indeed,
I had not notic'd much before;
And the *red ſhoes* ſo bright and gay,
I now their pardon muſt implore.

But if, dear Miſs, they *ſoil* ſo ſoon,
I wiſh ſome others you had brought;
As all our party to confine
On their account you kindly thought.

But now that we have ſeen your *beſt*,
At the *next* viſit which you pay;

I hope that you will ſuit your *dreſs*
To a ſoft ſeat among the *hay*."

Diſpleas'd, and frowning, up ſhe roſe,
And *ſullenly* the reſt forſook;
No anſwer ſhe vouchſaf'd to give,
But darted fury in her look.

All her companions laugh'd aloud,
With ridicule and juſt diſdain,
Except that *Julia* kindly fear'd
To give her haughty boſom pain.

"My brother" mildly ſhe rejoin'd,
"Your warmth will much offend, I fear;
We ſhould for others faults allow,
Nor be in judgment too ſevere.

If *better* taught, the *real* worth
Of *dreſs* or *fortune* we may know,
Our pity ſhould extend to thoſe,
Who on theſe *toys* their care beſtow.

Conſider that in ſuch array
Poor *Flavia* does but ſeldom ſhine;
Then let us not, my friends, inſult,
Tho' *ignorance* with *pride* combine.

Ours be the care with modeſt eaſe,
The goods of *fortune* to poſſeſs;
Nor with mean arrogance of mind
Exult o'er others who have leſs.

" Thank you, my dear," ſaid Mr. *Sedley*, when ſhe had concluded. " Theſe lines, I ſee, are the production of *Dick Wilmot*, as he has ſigned them. You muſt know Sir," added he, addreſſing Mr. *Graves*, " that our young friend diſcovers a propenſity to the Muſes, and often employs his leiſure in the compoſition of ſuch little pieces. But he has made two long a parentheſis at the beginning, which is only excuſable from the laudable motive of praiſing a ſiſter,

who is one of the moſt accompliſhed and beſt tempered girls I am acquainted with. The deſign of a parentheſis is only to include a ſhort ſentence in a long one, and therefore ſhould not be too long itſelf, as the ſenſe of the author ought to be complete without it. But when it is extended to too great a length, we forget the foregoing paſſage, and the continuation of the ſubject appears awkward and perplexing." "But if the ſenſe is as good without, then what is its uſe?" ſaid Miſs *Sedley*. "It is ſometimes by way of explanation, my dear," replied he, taking up a book from the table: "as thus, "*Alexander*

reaped great advantage from the fine taſte with which his maſter (than whom no man poſſeſſed greater talents for the education of youth) had inſpired him with from his infancy." " Now perhaps the reader might not be acquainted with the character of *Alexander*'s maſter; and this commendation of him will inform him, that he was a man of abilities, and therefore better qualified for his employment; and yet the ſenſe would have been perfect without this addition. But it ſometimes is likewiſe uſed as an exception. Suppoſe I was to ſay, you ſhall all go to *Windſor* to-morrow (except little *Bob*) to ſee the caſtle and the royal fa-

mily."—"O! but pray do not leave *me* at home," ſaid *Robert*, ſtarting up from the ground, where he had been ſitting ſpinning his ſix-pence on the carpet. "Pray, Sir, take me with you, and *I* will ſhew you ſome verſes as well as my ſiſter." "Will you?" replied Mr. *Sedley*; "and pray where did you get them? but I am not going to *Windſor*: I was only teaching *Nancy* the uſe of a parentheſis." "Was *that* all?" cried *Bob* in a tone of diſappointment. "But you ſhall ſee the poetry however. I have it in my *pocket*," with an emphaſis he pronounced the word. "My brother gave it to me yeſterday. They were inſcribed,"

To Maſter ROBERT SEDLEY, *on his* BIRTH-DAY.

PERMIT me now, my deareſt boy,
Again to wiſh you ev'ry joy
On this your natal day:
Now caſt your former cloaths aſide,
To dreſs with more becoming pride
In *maſculine* array.

And, *Robert*, ſure with *manly* air,
You'll hence each *infant* trick forbear,
And ſcorn the ſenſe of pain:
Ne'er whimper tho' to earth you fall,
Break a new *cart* or loſe your *ball*,
Nor like a *child* complain.

But learn to *ſpeak*, and learn to *read*,
And your own cauſe diſtinctly plead,
And be aſham'd to *cry*;
Or, truſt me, elſe they will reſtore
The *baby*'s *petticoats* once more,
And on the *back-ſtring* tie.

The next morning was as fine as the preceding one; and *William* and his ſiſter roſe in high ſpirits with the idea of ſpending the day together.

When the family aſſembled to breakfaſt, Mr. *Graves* propoſed to take them to dine with a friend of his at *Windſor*, but without excepting little *Bob*, who begged to be of the party. After a very pleaſant ride they arrived at Mr. *Rich*'s, who received them with great affability and politeneſs. They found there ſeveral play-fellows, as Mr. *Rich* had a ſon and daughter; and there were two young ladies and a young gentleman, who had been like-

wife invited to dine with them. The name of the eldeſt was Miſs *Lofty:* the other Miſs *Snap*; and the boy was called Maſter *Tradewell.*

As it was early when they arrived, Mr. *Sedley*, Mrs. *Rich*, and the young folk, took a walk to ſee the caſtle, with which they were all highly entertained. On their return they met with a pretty girl, who was running along with a baſket of apples, and who ſtumbling over a looſe ſtone in her way, fell down with great violence on the pavement. *William* and his ſiſter immediately haſtened to her aſſiſtance, and very tenderly enquired whe-

ther ſhe was hurt; at the ſame time aſſiſted her to gather up the fruit, which ſhe ſeemed much concerned about, as the pippins had rolled to a great diſtance. "How far were you going, *Fanny*," ſaid Mrs. *Rich*. "Don't be frightened, my child; your apples are not the worſe, and your mother will not be angry." "They were for you, Ma'am," replied ſhe, curteſying and weeping, "and I was charged to make haſte; but I am ſure I could not *help* falling. "To be ſure you could not," returned the lady; "and as you are a good girl, you may ſtay and dine at our houſe if you pleaſe." *Fanny* thanked her, and promiſed

to aſk her mother's leave ſo to do. Mrs. *Rich* then informed her company, that the child they had ſeen was daughter to a ſervant of theirs, who had married a gardener, and whoſe good behaviour recommended her ſo much, that ſhe frequently came to play with her children.

In the afternoon the young party retired to amuſe themſelves in the garden; and Miſs *Rich* aſked them if it would be agreeable for *Fanny Mopwell* to be with them? *William* ſaid, "by all means;" and *Nancy* was quite pleaſed with the propoſal: but Miſs *Lofty* bridled up her head, and ſaid, "ſhe had never been

uſed to play with ſuch *creatures:*" and Maſter *Tradewell* ſaid, "he thought they were better *without* her; for a *merchant*'s ſon was rather above a girl of that ſort."

Tom Rich, who had loved *Fanny* from her infancy, and whoſe mother had been his nurſe, was not a little offended at the ſcorn which they expreſſed for his favorite, and very angrily told Miſs *Lofty*, "that if ſhe was *poor*, ſhe was *good-natured*, and would not refuſe to oblige any body." *William* alſo joined heartily in her favour; for he was of ſuch a gentle diſpoſition, that he always wiſhed to promote the hap-

pineſs of every one he ſaw; and *Nancy* ſeconded him with great ardor. Upon this mighty queſtion, a warm debate enſued. Miſs *Snap* ſaid, "ſhe did not care for the *girl*, but ſhe had no patience to have her *play* ſo interrupted." *Charlotte Rich*, who was a ſchool-fellow of Miſs *Lofty*'s, began to be aſhamed of having aſked her to take notice of ſuch an humble companion; and though ſhe was in her heart very fond of little *Fanny*, yet ſhe felt her pride hurt at having ſhewn her ſuch a degree of regard. So forcibly does a bad example often operate upon a mind which would be otherwiſe not ungenerous.

During the diſpute, the innocent cauſe of it happened to paſs by; and *Fanny*, with a modeſt curteſy, aſked Miſs *Rich* how ſhe did? To which queſtion the fooliſh girl, for the reaſon abovementioned, would not condeſcend to give her an anſwer. As ſhe was a child of great ſenſibility, ſhe was a little diſtreſſed by the contempt which *Charlotte* affected. She knew too well the duties of her ſtation to offer to put herſelf upon an equality with the other young ladies; but as ſhe was always accuſtomed to be treated by Miſs *Rich* with the freedom of an equal, ſhe felt her contempt as a hardſhip to which ſhe had not been uſed.

She hung down her head, and was walking ſilently away, when *Tom* took hold of her gown, and enquired whither ſhe was going? deſiring her to ſtay with him and his friend *William*, adding, "that Miſs *Sedley* and *Bob* ſhould be of their party; and they would leave the proud boarding-ſchool *ladies*, ſince that was their title, to keep company with the *merchant*'s ſon."

Miſs *Lofty*, who was daughter of a nobleman, replied, "that a *merchant*'s ſon was no better than a *tradeſman*; and ſhe was not over fond of your *city* gentry." This ſpeech equally offended Maſter *Tradewell* and Miſs

Snap; who, rouzed at the indignity offered to her rank, declared, " ſhe always heard, that a *gentleman* of *fortune* was as good as a *Lord*; and her father, who was an *Alderman*, was known, though a grocer, to be worth thouſands and thouſands of pounds, and therefore ſhe did not underſtand ſuch treatment." In ſhort, the diſagreement ran ſo high, that Miſs *Snap* could not be perſuaded to play at all; and when the reſt of the diſputants had agreed to make up matters, ſhe would accept of no propoſal, nor join in any diverſion which they offered to her choice. During the latter part of the engagement, Maſter *Sedleys*, with their

ſiſter and *Tom*, had accompanied *Fanny* to an arbour at ſome diſtance, where they quietly ſat down to play. Her good-nature inclined her always to give way to her companions; and ſhe had been taught to do whatever her ſuperiors deſired (if it was not wrong) ſo that they found her a moſt agreeable and entertaining girl, and rejoiced that they had admitted her to be of their party. Among the reſt of their amuſements, it was propoſed that they ſhould each tell a ſtory for the entertainment of the reſt; and as none of the others could immediately recollect one, *Fanny* was deſired to begin, which ſhe very readily did in the following

manner, out of a little book which ſhe had in her pocket.

" *John Active* was a very good ſort of man, and was beloved by his neighbours. He was kind to every body; and would always help thoſe who were in diſtreſs. As he had a good trade (though it was a laborious one) he got a pretty fortune; and he did not mind the fatigue, for the ſake of providing for his family. His wife too was a worthy woman, and always took care to have things ready againſt he came home, received him with good-humour, and thanked him for the trouble he took in getting the money to keep her and

her children. They had three daughters; whoſe names were *Nanny*, *Suſan*, and *Kate*; and ſhe taught them to read and work; and when they were gone to-bed, would ſit up to mend their cloaths, and do what was neceſſary for them. While they were young, this family all lived extremely comfortable. The parents were contented and thankful for their condition; and the children were as happy as it was in their power to make them. But when they grew older, and ought to have known better, the two eldeſt became perverſe and diſobedient. They would not mind what they were taught; and only grumbled and

found fault if they were ſet to work. In ſhort, they became ſo obſtinate, that they at all times did the contrary to what their parents deſired: *Suſan* one day in jumping from the top of a gate, which ſhe had often been forbid to do, broke her leg, an accident that confined her a great while, and coſt her father a vaſt deal of money for ſurgeons; and her mother in lifting her about, got a hurt in her back, which never could be cured, and occaſioned her to be lame all the reſt of her life. Any body would have thought that ſuch an accident might have taught the naughty girl to have been more

obedient for the future; but ſhe was unmoved by it; and added to the trouble of nurſing her, by being croſs and diſſatisfied; and poor Mrs. *Active* would often ſhed tears at the unkind ſpeeches which ſhe returned for her care and indulgence. Nor did *Nancy* afford them any greater comfort. She would never aſſiſt in thoſe things of which ſhe was capable: but was mighty eager to do what was out of her power.

" One day when her ſiſter was better, her mother deſired them both to run the ſeams of a bed curtain, which ſhe was making; and begged them to make haſte, as ſhe wanted to

finiſh it before night. They both looked ſullen at her requeſt. *Nancy* ſaid, " it was not her *buſineſs*; and her father might ſleep without curtains:" and *Suſan* replied, " that though her leg was mended ſhe would not do all the *drudgery* indeed." While little *Kate*, who was much younger, threaded a needle, and began to take one of them into her lap, though it was ſo large ſhe could hardly manage it. Mrs. *Active* told them to conſider their father had a bad cold; and as it was a very ſevere froſt, and a windy night, it would certainly make him worſe. So after ſhe had inſiſted upon it, they ſnatched up the work, and pulled out their

needles with ſuch paſſion and ill-humour as to break the thread at every ſtitch. *Suſan*, who had got a book to amuſe her, and who ſat with her back to her mother, put it into her lap, and kept reading the whole time, without paying any regard to what ſhe ſaid; and long before the uſual hour of going to-bed, both ſiſters pretended they were ſo ſleepy they could not keep awake, left their work unfiniſhed, put on their night caps, and went away.

" As *Suſan*'s book was very entertaining, they ſat up in their own room to finiſh reading it; but thinking they heard Mrs.

Active upon the ſtairs, they haſtily popped the candle into the cloſet, and with their cloaths on jumped into bed. As they heedleſsly put it upon an under ſhelf, it burnt a hole through the one which was over it, where catching to ſome linen, it ſoon ſet the cloſet in a blaze. This did not happen for ſome hours after they had left it, they having laid ſtill for fear of being found out, and not thinking of the danger, fell aſleep, while the flames burnt through to Mr. *Active*'s room, which was adjoining to theirs; and it was with the greateſt difficulty that they were ſaved, he having but juſt time to ruſh in at the ha-

zard of his own life, and carry them down ſtairs in his arms. But the houſe for want of water, as it was in a country place, was entirely conſumed; nor did they ſave any thing, not even ſo much as cloaths to cover them."

When *Fanny* had read thus far, her audience were obliged to ſeperate upon a ſummons to tea. They were all extremely ſorry, as they wiſhed to hear a concluſion to her ſtory; and *William* begged her to lend him the book that he might finiſh it at home. This propoſal *Fanny* did not much approve, but at length, upon a promiſe of his returning it by Maſter *Rich* before he went

to ſchool, ſhe entruſted it to his care, charging him to keep it clean, and not take the paper off the cover.

In their way home, the young folk entertained Mr. *Graves* with an account of their days amuſement, and beſtowed great praiſe on *Fanny*'s good-nature, at the ſame time that they blamed the haughty manners of Miſs *Lofty* and her companions. "Your obſervations, my dear children," replied their grandfather, "give me the higheſt pleaſure, as there is nothing more truly contemptable than that pride which ariſes from the poſſeſſion of wealth and finery. The poor are a more uſe-

ful ſet of people than the rich; ſince to their induſtry we muſt owe all thoſe diſtinctions that beſtow the conveniences and luxuries of life. And though the difference of ſtation was appointed for the wiſeſt ends; yet, it is our duty to behave with kindneſs to our inferiors, and not ſubject them to unneceſſary mortifications. A prudent perſon will always endeavour to keep ſuch company as may ſuit his rank, becauſe it is an error to aſſociate only with thoſe beneath us, as we cannot learn from them ſuch qualifications which are eſſential to be known; but a *good* mind will at all times pay a tender regard to the feel-

ings of thoſe in poverty and diſtreſs, becauſe it is an act of cruelty and oppreſſion to inſult any who are in circumſtances leſs happy than ourſelves. Inſtead, therefore, of being *proud* on account of your family and fortune, you ſhould be thankful to Providence that you will have it in your power to aſſiſt others; and remember, that the higher your rank, and the greater ſhare of wealth you may poſſeſs, ſo much the more it is neceſſary to ſet a good example; as God will expect more from you in conſequence of ſuch advantages, than from thoſe who by having fewer opportunities of inſtruction, are not ſo well ac-

quainted with their duty. Every incident, my dears, may afford you ſome uſeful leſſon, if you accuſtom yourſelves to reflect ſeriouſly; and this afternoon has taught you by experience, that the benefit of a good education, the finery of dreſs, and the diſtinction of noble connections, are altogether inſufficient to engage your love or reſpect; while the ſuperior charms of good-nature and good ſenſe have in the humble *Fanny* found means to win your regard. Remember then, for the future to cultivate in yourſelves the internal graces of a generous diſpoſition; and let the pride and folly of Miſs *Lofty* and Maſter *Tradewell*, be a warn-

ing to you to ſhun their errors. Every degree of grandeur and oſtentation can be but comparitive. If *you* deſpiſe the poverty of *Fanny*, or the inferior fortune of your acquaintance *Sam Ivy*; Sir *Thomas Young*, or your ſchool-fellow Lord *Newſon*, may look down upon *you* with equal contempt; becauſe they have already each a title to boaſt, and have larger eſtates to expect than yourſelf: and as you would diſlike to be treated with diſdain by *them*, remember others have equal ſenſibility: and always judge by your own feelings, what is the courſe of action you ſhould purſue; ſince, to *do* as we would be *done* by, is a rule of the greateſt im-

portance in life. Maſter *Tradewell* could but ill bear the ſcorn with which Miſs *Lofty* treated a mercantile employment, though he had joined in her haughty behaviour to *Fanny Mopwell*. And thoſe who are moſt ready to give offence to others, can in general the leaſt ſubmit to ſuch inſolence themſelves; becauſe, knowing their own want of more valuable endowments, and thinking ſuch a vain ſuperiority of the higheſt conſequence, they are mortified in proportion to their pride, and ſuffer the juſt puniſhment of their arrogance in the folly which cauſes their diſtreſs." *William* thanked his grandfather for his good advice, to which

they had all liſtened with great attention; and then retired to bed, with the ſatisfaction of having behaved well during the courſe of the day. As ſoon as he conveniently could the next morning, he went into his ſiſter's room, and taking *Fanny*'s book from his pocket, they both ſat down in one chair, with his arm round her neck; and began to read the continuation of the ſtory as follows:

" Mr. *Active* and his family were now left expoſed to the greateſt diſtreſs. One of his legs had been terribly burnt in getting his daughters down ſtairs; and the loſs of their houſe and

furniture it was out of their power ever to repair. Several of the neighbours were ſo kind as to give them a few cloaths for the preſent; and the gentlemen of the pariſh, out of regard to his merit, made a ſubſcription for him, and gave him ſome money for his immediate relief. With this aſſiſtance they took as cheap a lodging as they could procure; but were obliged to live very differently from their uſual manner. The poor man, though he went out to work, could earn but little, his leg growing worſe for want of proper aſſiſtance; and the fright of the fire had had ſuch an effect on his wife, that ſhe never was well after. In this ſtate of po-

verty the money which had been given them was ſoon ſpent; and though many perſons had pitied them at the time, yet their ſufferings were now forgot, and nobody thought any more about them. *Nanny* and *Suſan*, though their undutiful behaviour had been the cauſe of all the misfortunes which they ſuffered, ſtill continued to be ill-tempered and untractable. They were diſcontented with their ſituation, and grumbled at the hardſhip to which they were reduced; and though their mother had got ſome work to employ them, yet they were ſo idle that they neglected to do it, notwithſtanding they were ſtarving for want.

Poor *Kate*, indeed, did what ſhe could; and though ſhe was but young, proved of great aſſiſtance to her mother. "I will do all I am able," ſhe would ſay, "and do not grieve, for in time we ſhall have more money I hope." And when ſhe ſaw there was but little for dinner, ſhe would not eat what ſhe wanted, in order to leave it for her parents. Sometimes ſhe would talk to her ſiſters, and adviſe them to behave better. "I am ſure," ſhe has ſaid, "we owe a great deal to our father and mother for their care; and as they have worked hard for *us*, it is but reaſonable that we in our turn ſhould try to ſupport *them*." The

two elder ſiſters were at length provided for, by getting into place, and going to ſervice. *Nanny* was taken by a grocer's wife to nurſe a young child and go of her errands, and whatever elſe ſhe was capable of doing: and *Suſan* went to a farmer's in the neighbourhood as an aſſiſtant in the family. It fell to her lot to carry milk every morning to a gentleman who lived near the place where her ſiſter was ſettled; and ſhe uſed frequently to meet her there, and ſtay and talk to her a little. They purſued this cuſtom for ſome time without any bad intention; but one day, as the place where they ſtood happened to be cloſe to a paſtry-

cook's ſhop, they were tempted by the ſight of ſome hot buns to go in and buy one between them. They found the taſte ſo delicious, that they would gladly have eaten more; but conſidering the coſt would be what they could not well afford, they parted for that time, with a mutual agreement to meet the next day at the ſame houſe, and renew their treat.

"*Nanny*'s buſineſs would not permit her to be there ſo early as her ſiſter, who after having waited at the door for ſome time, entered the ſhop by herſelf, and bought a penny cuſtard, which ſhe had juſt finiſhed eating, when

Suſan arrived, and with much pleaſure informed her, that a gentleman had given her a ſhilling for her trouble in waiting upon him during his ſtay at her Maſter's; and ſhe wanted to conſult her in what manner ſhe ſhould lay it out. "Suppoſe," added ſhe, "I ſhould carry it to my mother, it is the firſt money I have had, and ſhe is in great diſtreſs?" "Why, yes," replied *Suſan*, "they do want money at home; and ſo after you have eaten one of theſe plum-cakes let us go: I would have bought one before had I been able to pay for it." "Well! but," returned *Nanny*, "then I muſt change the ſhilling, and

that will be a pity: to carry only eleven-pence will not look half ſo well, and we had better go without our cakes: we have both had a good dinner, and perhaps they have not fared ſo well: I think it would be kinder to let them have it." So ſaying, ſhe was going to leave the ſhop, when the paſtry-cook's boy paſſed by her with a tray full of hot cheeſecakes. They ſmelt ſo delicious, that *Nanny* wiſhed very much to taſte them; and her ſiſter joining in the ſame inclination, added, " we ſhall often have a *ſhilling* given us now we are in ſervice: it is but a trifle! what would a ſhilling buy? My mother will not *expect* it; and

therefore will not be hurt, or vexed about it: come, come, do not ſtand thinking any longer." "To be ſure they are very nice," ſaid *Nanny*, and took up one in her hand.—It broke!—What was to be done? It muſt be paid for; and when the ſhilling was once changed, ſhe argued that it would look unhandſome to carry ſuch a trifle to her parents.—Weak, ſilly girls! They ſpent the whole of it before they left the ſhop.

"*Kate*, in the mean time, continued with her parents, whoſe misfortunes encreaſed every day. Mr. *Active* fell from a ladder and broke one of his arms, and was by

this accident reduced to a ſtarving condition. His wife was attacked by a violent fever, of which ſhe would not inform her daughters, for fear they ſhould take the infection. Theſe diſtreſſes in a few weeks, as they were both unable to work, reduced them to the moſt wretched ſtate of poverty; and on the day that their two daughters were feaſting, as has been related, they were almoſt expiring with hunger. Poor *Kate*, with weeping eyes, beheld them both. She had *nothing* to give them, and had exhauſted her ſtrength in nurſing and attending them. Her mother lay on her wretched bed, and her melancholy father with his

right arm in a ſling ſat beſide her. " I will get them ſomething!" ſaid *Kate* to herſelf. Her father told her it was dinner time. " Bring what there is, my good child, for your mother." She went to their little cupboard. — Alas, it was empty! Not a crumb remained! She had wiped it clean in the morning, and thoſe ſcraps had been her only breakfaſt. " Is there *nothing*, my child?" added he, and he looked at his wife, ſtroaked his left hand acroſs his eyes, but not quick enough to prevent the tears which dropped upon the ſling that ſupported his right. " I will fetch ſomething," ſaid *Kate;* and was haſten-

ing to the door. "Alas!" replied he, ſobbing with diſtreſs, "my *laſt* farthing was ſpent yeſterday." She went out, however. "I will *beg*," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, but I will procure them ſomething." She ſtood in the ſtreet a few moments, not knowing what to do. At laſt ſhe ran as faſt as her weakneſs would permit (for ſhe was beginning to be ill with the ſame fever which had attacked her mother.) She ran till ſhe reached the grocer's. She enquired for her ſiſter, but ſhe was not at home. She begged them to give her a bit of bread; but the men in the ſhop who did not know her, accuſed her with being a

beggar and a thief; and would not believe that *Nanny* was her relation. They threatened to ſend her to the houſe of correction, and turned her diſgracefully out of doors.

" Poor *Kate* wept moſt bitterly at this treatment. She was very timid and had not courage to reply, but wandered back again in deeper affliction than before. As ſhe drew near home, ſhe felt rather ſick; and as ſhe had ſcarcely eaten any thing for ſeveral days, ſhe much wiſhed for ſomething to appeaſe her hunger. A Baker's ſhop was at hand, and ſhe determined to go in and beg them to give her a roll. But

ſhe ſaw nobody to apply to. She called ſeveral times, but no one anſwered. Loaves of bread, of all ſizes, ſtood on the counter before her. "Shall I take one?" ſaid ſhe: "I am quite unobſerved." "But is it *right*?" ſaid ſhe again to herſelf. "Shall I do a *wrong* thing only becauſe I am not *ſeen?*"—She walked away. "Shall I go back," once more ſhe added, "to my poor father and mother, and have *nothing* for them?"—She ſat down upon the threſhold and wept. "It is better to *ſtarve*," at length ſhe exclaimed, "it is better to *ſtarve* than be *wicked!*" and ſhe walked away. A gentleman was riding by in a chaiſe, and the wind

blew off his hat. She ran, picked it up, and gave it to him; and he toſſed her a half-penny for her trouble. She took it up with gratitude; and as ſhe ran back to the bakers, ſhe repeated aloud to herſelf, "It is better to be *honeſt than to ſteal.*" The owner of the ſhop was now returned. She told her diſtreſsful tale, and he gave her a ſtale penny loaf for her money. With what joy did the poor girl return to her parents.—"Was ſhe not happier than if ſhe had eaten an *hundred cheeſecakes?* — In the afternoon *Nanny* had leave to viſit her mother. She bluſhed when ſhe ſaw them, and recollected how ſhe had ſpent her ſhilling."—

So far went the ſtory, when *William*, to his great diſappointment, perceived he had left the reſt behind him. The cover of the little book was torn, and the leaves were faſtened together with a pin, which had dropped out; and *Fanny* in giving it him when they were called to tea, had, without knowing it, kept back the reſt.

He communicated the accident to his grandfather; and gave him an account of what he had been reading; and concluded with hoping, that *Nanny* and *Suſan* would in the end meet with the puniſhment which their neglect of their parents deſerved; that

he ſhould rejoice to hear they were *ſtarved* for their barbarity. "You ſee, my dear," returned Mr. *Graves*, "that the appearance of ingratitude is ſo odious, that it fills you with abhorrence only to read an imperfect account of it, and yet I doubt whether you who are ſo warm in your deteſtation of the crime, are not ſometimes tempted to commit it." "What *I?*" ſaid *William* rather warmly, "I diſobey my parents, and forget them in their diſtreſs! If I had but a mouthful of bread they ſhould have it between them; and I am ſure I always do as they deſire me." "You are a good boy," replied the old gentleman; "but you

have never yet been put to ſuch a trial. Few perſons *know themſelves*, or are ſenſible *how* they ſhould act in ſituations which they have not experienced. The only way you can prove your affection to your friends, is by rendering yourſelf worthy their regard. Only remember, that to do a *wrong thing* will give them more uneaſineſs than you can imagine; and that their concern for your welfare is ſo great, it would be the heavieſt affliction they could experience to have you behave improperly; and, therefore, to merit their confidence, you muſt act with the ſame attention to their commands when they are abſent as

when they are preſent to obſerve you."

William was vexed at his grandfather's obſervation, and told him, "it ſeemed to imply a doubt of his conduct." Mr. *Graves* commended him tenderly; but ſaid, "he had obſerved, that he was often ſevere in his judgment; and when he ſaw a fault in others, or read of any blameable character, he was apt to condemn it without any regard to that mercy which was a moſt amiable attribute, and peculiarly neceſſary in creatures, who were every moment in danger of falling themſelves. Young perſons," continued he, "are apt to look

upon every crime of which they have not been guilty as *impoſſible* for them to commit: but that confidence in their own ſtrength is ſometimes a moſt dangerous ſnare to them in future life. I will give you an inſtance of this ſort which fell under my own obſervation. When I firſt went 'prentice, there was a young man about ſixteen, with whom I had been always intimate, and who was bound about the ſame time to an uncle who lived next door to my maſter's. This circumſtance was a great addition to our happineſs, and the more I ſaw of him the more I had reaſon to eſteem him. But there was one thing I wiſhed had

been otherwiſe in his diſpoſition. His principles were ſo rigid, that I was ſometimes afraid to tell him of any inadvertence I had been guilty of, though he was about my own age; for he declared ſuch an abhorrence of every thing that was mean or deceitful, as to confeſs, if one of *his* friends ſhould do a diſhonorable action, he would caſt him off for ever.—But the beſt hearts may be tempted to evil before they are aware, if they depend ſo much upon themſelves as to be off their guard. He had leave one evening to viſit an acquaintance, and upon his arrival found that the family were engaged to go to the play. They gave him

an invitation to accompany them, which for ſome time he declined, thinking it not quite right to do this without his uncle's knowledge. At length, however, as it was an entertainment which (as he had been but a ſhort time in *London)* he had never ſeen, he determined to accept their offer. He felt a ſecret uneaſineſs upon his mind, as he thought his conduct not ſtrictly right, and had great reaſon to ſuppoſe the propoſal would by no means have met with his uncle's approbation. His regret was however forgotten during the repreſentation; and he would have been quite happy had his conſent been obtained. The time

however, went faſter than he imagined, and when he returned home it was eleven o'clock. He had unfortunately broken his watch, and his companions aſſuring him it was early, he ſat down with them to ſupper. The clock at length ſtruck twelve; and the hours had paſſed ſo agreeably, that he thought it had been but eleven. He roſe immediately, and haſtened home, afraid of his uncle's diſpleaſure, and angry with himſelf for a conduct which his conſcience diſapproved.

" As he was running haſtily along, full of uneaſineſs for the reception he might meet with,

his foot ſlipped, and down he fell againſt a poſt. He was ſlightly bruiſed, and cut his face by the accident; but the thought immediately occurred to him to make that an excuſe for his ſtay; and as he had miſtaken a ſtreet which led him farther from home, for one which he deſigned to have taken; without any further reflection, he related a plauſible tale to his uncle of his having loſt his way; and as he had never before told an untruth, the account was believed by the old gentleman. — So far his falſity had eſcaped detection. He retired to-bed; but not to ſleep; that comfort he could not obtain: his *conſcience* repreſented

the wickedneſs of which he had been guilty, and he could think of nothing but the crime which for the firſt time he had committed. In the morning he roſe with a heavy heart; for cheerfulneſs is only the companion of virtue. He had too much falſe pride to confeſs his folly; and the queſtions which his uncle put to him, obliged him to confirm one lie by the addition of many more.—So eaſily, my dear boy, do we ſink from one wickedneſs to the commiſſion of another; and ſo difficult is it to regain the right path, when once we have wandered from it. —He paſſed a moſt wretched morning, occupied with reflec-

tions upon his conduct, and entered the parlour upon a ſummons to dinner with a mind penetrated with remorſe. But gueſs at his confuſion, when the firſt object which he ſaw was the gentleman he had accompanied to the play, and who had called to return him his ſtick, which in the haſte of his departure he had left behind. The explanation that followed, was ſuch as to mortify him to the laſt degree. It not only expoſed his deceit to his uncle, but to the reſt of the company; and his character was ſo much injured by the diſcovery, that it was many years before he could entirely reinſtate himſelf

in their good opinion: and to this day he is cautious of making a poſitive declaration, or profeſſion of what he will do, for fear he ſhould be enſnared into evil."— "It is in every one's power," ſaid *William*, "to be good if they pleaſe; therefore, they are accountable certainly for their bad actions." "Very true," replied his grandfather, "but take care that you are never drawn to the commiſſion of bad actions by the example or perſuaſions of others. And you ſhould remember, that the end of all your ſtudies is to make you better by the force of example. When you meet with vicious characters, let the deteſtation which

you feel for their crimes be a warning to you to avoid a ſimilar conduct; while on the other hand, every noble action ſhould inſpire you with emulation to imitate what you applaud. My hopes," continued the good old gentleman, " are fixed upon you *all*; but in a particular manner my cares have been engaged for *you*, as I have had a nearer concern in your education; and I truſt, my *William*, you will recompence my ſolicitude, by becoming a worthy example to your brother and ſiſter; for really I think your miſconduct would break my heart."

William was generous, frank, and affectionate. He loved his grandfather moſt tenderly; and preſſing his hand, promiſed his future conduct ſhould be all he wiſhed.—But alas! with all his good qualities, he was in ſome reſpects of too eaſy a diſpoſition. He had not reſolution to oppoſe what he knew to be wrong when his companions propoſed it; and was frequently drawn into ſuch errors through his weak compliance, as he had long occaſion to lament. *Good-nature* is a great virtue; but young people ſhould endeavour to diſtinguiſh between what is *kind* and what is *weak*. True goodneſs is always obliging to others, where it can be ſo with-

out acting wrongly. But no politeneſs can excuſe an ill action; and thoſe who propoſe what is blameable, ought never to be complied with. We ſhould then, with gentleneſs endeavour to ſhew them the impropriety of their behaviour; and if they are too obſtinate to be convinced, leave them to their folly without partaking it with them.

William was engaged to dine that day at the houſe of Captain *Fairform*, where another boy of his own age had been invited to meet him. This gentleman's eldeſt ſon was handſome, ſenſible, and clever: his manner and addreſs were uncommonly grace-

ful and pleaſing; and he behaved ſo well in company as to be generally admired. What a pity was it that ſuch an inſinuating appearance ſhould not have been equalled by a better heart! He was ſo deceitful as to appear virtuous in the ſociety of his parents and friends; and miſled them to believe, that he was as good as he pretended. I ſhall paſs over all the occurrences of the meeting, and what paſſed between this young gentleman and his viſitors, till after they had dined; when *Harry Fairform* propoſed to them to take a walk. His father deſired them not to go towards the village of *Boxley*, as there was a fair

kept that day, and he did not chuſe they ſhould mix with the company who frequented it. *Harry* promiſed obedience, and bowing, ſet forward with his companions the oppoſite way.

As ſoon as they were out of ſight of the houſe, young *Fairform* turned about, and taking *William* by the arm, "Come," ſaid he, "*Tom Wilding*, and you and I, will go acroſs that field, and ſee what is going forward yonder," pointing as he ſpoke to the place they had been forbidden to viſit. "Why you do not mean ſurely to go to the *fair?*" replied *Sedley* with aſtoniſhment. "Have you not promiſed that

you would not?" "Pooh! you ſilly fellow," returned *Harry*, "Promiſes and pye-cruſt — did you never hear the old proverb? — they are both made to be broken. What will my father be the worſe for it, whether I walk one way or the other? and I know which will afford me the moſt amuſement. He is a croſs old fellow to wiſh to confine me in ſuch a manner without reaſon: I dare not tell him ſo, but I promiſe you, I take care to do as I pleaſe."

The honeſt heart of *William* was ſhocked at the idea of ſuch ungenerous deceit. He blamed him for his principles, and re-

fuſed to go.—"Nay, then," ſaid his companion, "if you will ſtay, you muſt do as you pleaſe; but it was *my* promiſe, not your's; and if I am willing to take the *mighty* guilt upon my own ſhoulders, and what is worſe, run the riſk of the puniſhment, what is that to *you?*" "*I* did not *promiſe* to be ſure," cried *William*, pauſing; "but I know my friends would be angry, was I to go without leave, and eſpecially when the Captain has deſired us ſo poſitively *not* to do it.—"The Captain's *ſon* muſt anſwer for that," interrupted young *Wilding*; "that is none of our buſineſs; but if *you* are afraid of a *drubbing*, why that is

another thing." "I have no *ſuch fear*," returned *William* with indignation; but I am too generous to abuſe the confidence of my friends. They believe in my honor, and it would be baſe to make a wrong uſe of the truſt they repoſe in me."

The two boys, with uplifted eyes, ſneered at this ſpeech. They ridiculed his notions, and derided his attention to his parents when they were abſent; and *Jack Careleſs* and *Will Sportive* coming up while they were in debate, they applied to them on the occaſion. All now was uproar and confuſion; each one trying which ſhould laugh the

moſt at our poor diſtreſſed *Sedley*. His conſcience told him it was wrong to comply; but the example, the perſuaſions, and the ridicule of his companions prevailed, and he reluctantly ſet forward with them to the village. They ſoon arrived at the fair; and walking up to the booths, ſurveyed with delight the various toys with which they were furniſhed. Called upon on all ſides to purchaſe ſomething, they each began to aſk the price of what moſt attracted their attention; and *William* agreed to buy a trumpet for his brother: and afterwards taking up a little red morocco pocket-book, was told it would coſt ſix ſhillings.

He laid it back on the ſtall, ſaying, "it was too dear;" but in turning round, the flap of his coat bruſhed it down on the ground, and *Will Sportive*, unſeen by any body, picked it up, and put it into his boſom. The owner ſoon miſſed his property, and charged *William* with the theft. This accuſation he warmly reſented; but the man perſevered in laying the blame on him, till a mob was ſoon gathered round, and it was determined he ſhould be ſearched.

Will Sportive, who had only taken the book for a frolick, for the ſame reaſon now contrived amidſt the buſtle to con-

vey it into his companion's pocket; and *Sedley*, conſcious of his own innocence, grew more angry at the treatment he met with; and abſolutely refuſed the ſatisfaction that was demanded. This added to the ſuſpicions againſt him, and he was ſoon overpowered by numbers. He held his hands over his pockets, ſunk down on the ground, and did all that was in his power to prevent thoſe about him from the execution of their deſign:— but judge of his aſtoniſhment, when after being overcome by force, the book was found upon him.— In vain he proteſted his innocence. No one gave him credit, and the general cry of

"*here* is a young thief!" reſounded from every tongue. Some threatened him with a ducking in a horſe-pond, others with a whipping at the cart's tail, and others prophecied that he would end his days at the gallows, and come at laſt to be hanged.

Will Sportive, whoſe joke was attended with ſuch ſerious conſequences, began to repent his frolick; but had not the courage to own it, as he was afraid of drawing a ſhare of the condemnation on himſelf. He therefore left poor *William* to bear the blame as well as he could, and only ſtood by a ſilent ſpectator of thoſe inconveniences which

he had himſelf been the cauſe of. The man ſtill continued in a great paſſion, and declared he would take young *Sedley* before a juſtice of peace. Terrified at this threat, and ſhocked at the thought of going to a priſon for a ſuppoſed offence, he begged on his knees for mercy, and offered all he had about him as a compenſation for a crime of which he knew he had not been guilty. For a guinea the owner of the book agreed to let him go; but nothing leſs ſhould be the price of his liberty. Such a ſum the unfortunate youth had not to give. He had ſpent ſixpence for his trumpet, and threepence for plum-cakes the day

before; ſo that nine ſhillings and nine-pence were all he had remaining; but this would not ſatisfy the perſon he had offended. His companions offered to lend him all they were worth, but even that was inſufficient for the demand. *Fairform* had half-a-crown: *Tom Wilding* could find but three-pence three farthings, though he felt in all his pockets, and kept the expecting *William* in an agony of ſuſpence. *Jack Careleſs* threw down two-pence, but ſaid his father would be angry if he parted with his ſilver. *Sedley* looked at him with diſpleaſure. "Your *father* angry," ſaid he: "if theſe ſcruples had been urg-

ed *ſooner*, it would have become you better." "You ſhall not *have* the two-pence," returned *Careleſs*, taking it up again and putting it his pocket: "if you do not chuſe it, I will not oblige you againſt your inclination." *Will Sportive*, deſirous to repair the damage he had done, offered him all he was poſſeſſed of, which amounted but to thirteenpence-halfpenny.

The diſtreſſed *Sedley* had nothing left, except a ſilver medal which his grandfather had given him that morning, and told him to keep it for his ſake. He took it from his pocket, looked at it, and burſting into tears, ex-

claimed, "No! not even to ſave me from *priſon* would I part from this."—A poor chimney-ſweeper, who had come to ſee the merriment of the fair, and who watched the event of the uproar which this affray had occaſioned, recollecting the features of *William* as he turned his head with the eagerneſs of deſpair, knocked his bruſh and ſhovel together, and feeling in the tatters of his waiſtcoat, produced a ſhilling. "Will this help you, maſter," ſaid he: "I took it to-day for ſweeping Squire *Nicely*'s chimney; but you ſhall have it, be the conſequence what it will."——*William*'s conſcience ſmote him.—"I would not

change my half-guinea for thee, *Tony*" — and the tears trickled down his bluſhing and repentant cheek. — The man inſiſted on having the medal; but *William* would not conſent. For a long time he refuſed, till at length it growing late, he was terrified with apprehenſion, and his companions declared they would ſtay no longer. So overcome by their importunity, he yielded it up, thanked *Tony* for his kindneſs, which he promiſed to repay the next day, and with a melancholy countenance accepted his diſcharge, and went back to Captain *Fairform*'s.

As they did not chuſe to return directly from the village, they were obliged to go a farther away about; ſo that it was near the duſk of the evening when they reached home. *Harry* told a plauſible tale to excuſe their ſtay, and ſaid, "they had met with their two play-fellows, and been walking with them." Young *Sedley* ſat in ſilent vexation without uttering a ſyllable, and ſoon after took his leave, and returned to his father's.

As he drew nigh the gate, he began weeping afreſh; and inſtead of the pleaſure and alacrity with which he uſually entered; and the joy which he always felt

at meeting with his friends, he crept ſoftly along, oppreſſed with the conſciouſneſs of having acted *wrong*; and finding the coach gates open, ſneaked unobſerved into the houſe. He ſtood for ſome time in the hall, wanting the courage to meet his aſſembled friends; till hearing his grandfather's voice, he liſtened to know what he was ſaying. Mr. *Graves* was ſpeaking to little *Bob*. "Yes," ſaid he, "I have given your brother and ſiſter a medal exactly like that; and now I ſhall ſee *(for my ſake)* which of you will keep it the longeſt." To expreſs what the poor fellow felt at that moment, is almoſt impoſſible. He ran up in-

to his own apartment, and throwing himſelf with his face upon the bed, ſobbed out, "What ſhall I do? What can I ſay?" At length after weeping ſome time, he determined, as he really felt a violent head-ache, to plead that as an excuſe, and to go to-bed immediately. With this reſolution he compoſed his countenance as well as he could, and ſlowly walked into the parlour. His brother, with that fondneſs which he always expreſſed, directly brought the preſent Mr. *Graves* had given him, and jumping as he ſpoke, preſſed *William*'s arm, and looking up in his face, "Is it not a *nice* medal?" ſaid he, "Let me look

at your's, to ſee if they are *exactly* alike." — The poor boy was covered with bluſhes; and as *Robert* repeated his queſtion, he peeviſhly replied, "I have not got it about me." He then mentioned the pain in his head, and wiſhed his friends good night.— The kind concern which they expreſſed for his indiſpoſition, added greatly to his uneaſineſs. "How little," ſaid he, "do I deſerve their tenderneſs! and how unworthy do I feel of their ſolicitude! If they knew in what manner I have behaved out of their ſight, they would think me deſerving of puniſhment and contempt. How will *they* be able to rely upon me, when I cannot depend up-

on *myſelf*? I *knew* it was wrong to go with *Fairform*, yet I went:—and now all theſe troubles are the conſequence of one bad action. I think I will never more be perſuaded to do what is not ſtrictly right."—Such was his firm reſolution at that inſtant; but though his heart was noble, generous, and open to conviction, it was *weak* in the moment of temptation. He wanted *reſolution* to complete his character; for with many virtues, and an excellent diſpoſition, he was eaſily perſuaded to act contrary to his judgment. Hence he was frequently ſeduced by his companions into ſuch errors as gave him laſting cauſe for repentance.

In the preſent inſtance his regret for his fault was ſincere. He wept till he fell aſleep; and his firſt thoughts in the morning were an earneſt wiſh that he had returned to ſchool. "All the pleaſure I have felt on this addition to my holidays, does not pay me for my preſent pain; ſince nothing," ſaid he, "is ſo terrible as a guilty conſcience!"

Who now would have imagined, that under the ſenſe of this conviction and ſuffering, from *one* deviation, he would directly have ſunk into another of a worſe kind? — With a melancholy countenance he left his room, and was going through

the hall into the garden, when *Harry Fairform* entered at the oppoſite door, and joining him, they walked out together.

" Why you look ſtill more pitiable," ſaid his viſitor, " than when we parted laſt night: ſurely your old ſquare-toes did not give you a drubbing! I came on purpoſe to know how you came off after the loſs of your money?" " A drubbing!" returned *William* with indignation: " no indeed! neither my father or grandfather ever beat me in their lives: I am not afraid of *that*, I aſſure you. At preſent they do not know how much I am to blame; but I would give

any thing in the world that I had not gone with you to the fair." "Why then, *Sedley*," replied his companion, "you are a greater fool than I thought you. My father is pretty free with his horſewhip; and when he finds out that I have diſobeyed him, he makes me feel what he calls *military diſcipline*, till I can neither ſit, ſtand, or go; but had I nothing more to fear than one of old *Graves*'s mumbling preachments, it would be a great while before I ſhould look thus diſmal." "For ſhame!" exclaimed *Sedley*, who loved his grandfather to the higheſt degree, "for ſhame! do not utter ſuch ſentiments: if you can only be

governed by a *horſe-whip*, you *deſerve* to feel its ſtrokes: but I would have you know, that I ſcorn to be kept within bounds merely by the fear of puniſhment. I wiſh my friends to *depend* upon me in their *abſence*, as well as if they could *ſee* all my actions; and it is from the conciouſneſs of having abuſed their confidence, that my looks ſhew that ſorrow which you ſo much ridicule. The loſs of that *medal* too," added he, burſting into tears, " which my grandfather gave me to keep for his ſake, what muſt he think of my *affection*, when he knows on what occaſion I parted with it?"

Fairform in vain uſed every argument to afford him conſolation; his diſtreſs encreaſed as the hour of breakfaſt approached; and neither ridicule or advice had the power to render him compoſed. When juſt as they were returning to the houſe, *Harry* ſtopped, and in the middle of the gravel-walk picked up little *Bob*'s medal, which he had a few minutes before dropped from his coat-pocket, in taking out his handkerchief. "Here," ſaid he, his eyes ſparkling with pleaſure; "now I hope you will dry your tears: take this, and have no further dread of detection."—*William* ſtretched forth his hand in a tranſport of delight; but

immediately recollecting himſelf, "It is not mine," ſaid he: O *that it were!* I dare ſay my brother has loſt it." "And will you not take it then! exclaimed the aſtoniſhed *Fairform:* "What a ridiculous ſcruple is this! If *Bob has* loſt it, it is but a piece of *negligence*; and no creature need be acquainted that you have found it; as they are exactly alike you cannot be diſcovered; and only think how angry they will be, if they know all the circumſtances of our laſt night's frolick." —— Poor *Sedley* pauſed — every reproach which he deſerved, and the reproof which he dreaded, roſe in ſad proſpect to his mind. *Harry*'s

perſuaſions ſeconded his inclination, and encreaſed his fears. The moment was critical to his virtue. Honor forbad him to do ſuch a baſe action, while his apprehenſion of his friends diſpleaſure inclined him to run the hazard of *future* remorſe to eſcape from *preſent* ſhame. The ſtruggle of his mind was great, and it ended nobly for a moment.—"No!" ſaid he with firmneſs, "I have ſuffered enough already from doing wrong, I will not be ſo ungenerous as to injure my brother, and deceive my friends: I will truſt to my grandfather's indulgence: I will honeſtly confeſs the whole truth, and let my ſorrow expiate my

fault." "For pity's ſake," returned *Fairform*, "do not be ſo raſh: if you have no regard for yourſelf have ſome conſideration for me. You agreed to be of our party, and now you will involve me in diſtreſs. If you tell the whole to Mr. *Graves*, he will ſay, that I ſeduced you to do what you would not otherwiſe have been guilty of, and will prevent our meeting in future. I know his rigid notions of obedience: he will tell my father, and his puniſhments are ſo ſevere, that my heart ſickens at the thought — Cruel, unkind *Sedley!* I came on purpoſe to give *you* comfort, and you will heap theſe evils upon me in return.

I may have acted wrong last night; but I am sure I would not be thus unfriendly to you."

This argument was directly suited to the generosity of *William*'s disposition. He could not bear to give pain to another. To make his companion suffer through *his* means, seemed to him so mean and cowardly, that all the more powerful reasons of truth and virtue were considered as inferior to this one consideration; while from motives of the highest good-nature, by viewing the affair in a false light, he at length yielded to *Fairform*'s persuasions; and what no temptation on his *own* account could effect,

the ſolicitude for *Harry*'s ſafety induced him to comply with.—A ſtriking leſſon to young perſons, of the danger which muſt ariſe from bad company; and an alarming caution to all: ſince without *prudence* and *reſolution* a good diſpoſition may be led into the commiſſion of evil, even when they intend to do right.—For a long time they debated on the ſubject; till at length overcome by his companion's entreaties, he put the medal in his pocket, and added, "I ſhall keep this as a monument of my *folly*, in firſt yielding againſt my conſcience to go with you to the fair: *that* has been the foundation of every inconvenience,

and now I ſee not *where* the evil will *ſtop*. Let this warn *you*, *Harry*, for the future, that however you may eſcape detection, every diſobedience will bring its own puniſhment." —

A repeated call to breakfaſt now obliged them to go in. Young *Fairform* paid his compliments with that grace which diſtinguiſhed him upon all occaſions, and without embarraſſment ſat down by Mr. *Sedley*. *William* placed himſelf in the window-ſeat, and could ſcarcely anſwer the enquiries which were put to him about his health. He had loſt the confidence of an innocent mind; and his behaviour

was confuſed, baſhful, and ſilent. *Harry* ſoon took his leave, and Mr. *Graves* invited his grandſon to take a walk. Maſter *Sedley* would at that time have willingly been excuſed; but having no reaſon which he could urge againſt it, he prepared to go: when juſt as they were ready to ſet off, little *Bob* came out of the garden in great diſtreſs, ſaying, "he did not know *how*, or *where*; but he had loſt his medal!"—*William* coloured like crimſon!—He made him no anſwer, but turning round, ſtooped down at the ſame time, as if looking for ſomething.—"O! there is a good boy, do look for it," ſaid *Bob*: "you are very kind, but

I do not think I loſt it here: I know I had it this morning." "You have not kept it long for my ſake," ſaid his grandfather: "I dare ſay *William* and *Nancy* can both ſhew theirs." — Miſs *Sedley* pulled her's from her pocket. Her brother was going to do the ſame, but his conſcience would not let him draw forth his hand. He held the medal between his finger and thumb, but did not dare to bring it out to view. — "Do not cry, *Bob*" ſaid Mr. *Graves*, "you are a little boy, and are not uſed to be entruſted with money: I will get you another, and your brother ſhall take care of it. He loves me ſo well, that I dare

ſay he will be able to produce his, when I am dead and gone." —*William* could not anſwer—but the tears trickled down his cheeks. — His grandfather embracing him, told him not to be concerned. " I am an old man, my dear boy, and cannot expect to live many years longer; but do not grieve for that circumſtance: when you look at the medal which I gave you, though but a trifle in itſelf, let it remind you how much I loved you, and how earneſtly I wiſhed to promote your happineſs. Remember, my child, that you can never be comfortable, unleſs you have a clear conſcience; and let every teſtimony of your

friends affection to you, be a remembrance to act with honor, generosity, and integrity."

Sedley made no reply, but by his sobs. The caresses of Mr. *Graves* wounded him more than the keenest reproaches. He would have confessed all, but the fear of drawing *Fairform* into disgrace kept him silent; and he set forward on his walk with an uneasiness too great to be described. In vain did his venerable companion endeavour to engage him in conversation: he was too conscious of deserving blame to join with his usual freedom and gaiety. At length, as they ascended to a

riſing ground which opened to a very extenſive proſpect, Mr. *Graves*, pointing to the village where *William* had lately been in ſearch of his chimney-ſweeper acquaintance, enquired, " When he had ſeen him? and whether he had yet fulfilled his intention of giving him any money?" —This queſtion was too important to admit of immediate anſwer: if he told *when*, he might be aſked *where* he had met him? and that would amount to a confeſſion of all he had taken ſuch pains to conceal. He heſitated for ſome time, till his grandfather obſerving his confuſion, took his hand, and with tender ſerioufneſs thus addreſſed

him.—"I have ſeen with uneaſineſs, my dear boy, that ſome ſecret burthens your mind, nor do I wiſh for your confidence, unleſs you can *willingly* repoſe it in my affection. Perhaps I may be able to adviſe you—ſpeak your difficulties, and let not miſtruſt or anxiety overſpread your features." "I do not deſerve," ſaid the repentant *Sedley*, "that you ſhould treat me thus kindly; nor am I at liberty to tell you the ſubject which diſtreſſes my heart. Another is concerned, or greatly as I have been to blame, I would this moment confeſs it all." "You beſt know, my love," returned Mr. *Graves*, "whether you have made any

promiſe which honor would oblige you to keep ſacred; but remember, that you may be drawn into guilt, by a too ſteady adherence to a bad cauſe; and be aſſured, that perſon cannot be your real friend, who would engage you to conceal from your parents, what you think they ought to be acquainted with." —A pauſe now enſued, and *William* after debating ſome time, was going to confeſs the whole: when a man with a little girl came in ſight; whom upon a nearer view, they diſcovered to be *Fanny Mopwell.* They immediately renewed their acquaintance; and ſhe informed them that ſhe had come the morning before on a viſit to

her uncle, who kept a little ſhop in the village of *Boxley*, and had invited her to be preſent at the fair. *William*, with his grandfather's leave, aſked her to paſs the day with him; and as Mr. *Sedley*'s family was well known in that part of the country, her uncle who was with her, conſented to her going.

Our young gentleman was much rejoiced at having a companion whoſe preſence might interrupt any farther converſation; though to take ſuch a walk with his grandfather was at any other ſeaſon what he moſt wiſhed for. At their return he preſented *Fanny* to his mother and ſiſter,

who both received her with great pleaſure. As for little *Bob* he ſat weeping in the window, ſucking the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and now and then gently touching a fly on the glaſs of the window, to ſee it walk from place to place.—— Again, *William* felt the ſtings of remorſe. He went out into the garden, and taking the pocket-piece once more in his hand, determined to reſtore it to its right owner. "My brother ſhall not be thus diſtreſſed for my crimes: I will not be ſo baſe, let the event be what it may." With this reſolution he again rejoined the company; and going up to maſter *Robert*, ſaid

with a ſmile, "Will this cheer your ſpirits? I have found your treaſure." *Bob* eagerly jumped down to take it, and throwing his arms round his brother's neck, held him almoſt double to receive his careſſes. "Where did you find it? ſaid he. Thank you! thank you a thouſand times!"

William's delight was damped with the recollection of how little he deſerved his acknowledgments.—A bad action interrupts the enjoyment of every ſatisfaction, and transforms all our pleaſure into pain.—He was then obliged to give an account of the place where he had diſcovered it; but carefully con-

ceaſed how long it had been in his poſſeſſion; leaving every one to imagine he had but juſt picked it up. His feelings, however, on the occaſion were ſo uncomfortable, that he retired to his own apartment to think of the occaſion in ſolitude. *Bob*, in the mean time, ſkipping and jumping about with the light-hearted pleaſure of innocence, carried his dear medal to *Fanny Mopwell*, deſiring her to obſerve its beauties, and declaring he would always carefully guard it for the future. The girl looked at it ſome time, and then ſaid, "ſhe had one juſt like it, which a man of her uncle's acquaintance had given her that morning;"

and taking it out of a little iron box which ſhe had bought at the fair, ſaid, " it was too large to go in a red ſtriped one in which ſhe kept all the reſt of her money."

Mr. *Graves* begged he might ſee it, as thoſe he had given his grand-children were of great age, though they had been ſo well preſerved, and he thought were extremely ſcarce. So laying it down on the table while he put on his ſpectacles, he afterwards took it to the window, and examined it very minutely; and turning round, begged *Fanny* would tell him if ſhe knew how the man had gotten it. *Fanny*

replied, " ſhe had heard him ſay, he received it the night before from a ſaucy boy who was going to ſteal a book from his ſtall; but that ſhe knew nothing more about it." The old gentleman thanked her, and went out of the room. He walked up ſtairs, and going into his grandſon's chamber, found him writing at his bureau.—" I do not wiſh to interrupt you, my dear," ſaid he, " but pray lend me your medal for a moment, as I want to compare it with one I have in my hand." —— *Sedley*'s cheeks were the colour of crimſon: he was too honeſt to tell a falſehood; but his confuſion left him not a word to ſay. —

"I-I-I," ſtammered he out, "I-I-I have not"—and burſt into tears. "*William!*" ſaid his grandfather gravely, "Tell me the truth."—He could make no anſwer for ſome time but by his ſobs, till the queſtion being again repeated, he took Mr. *Graves* by the hand, and in an agony of grief proceeded as follows:

"Indeed Sir, I will not *deceive* you. I have been very much to blame; and one crime has involved me in many others; but if you can now forgive me, I think I ſhall never do ſo again. When I went to Captain *Fairform*'s yeſterday, *Harry* wanted me

to go with him and *Tom Wilding* to the fair. His father had deſired him not, and I thought it wrong to go; but they laughed at me ſo much for my ſqueamiſhneſs, and would have it I was afraid only of *puniſhment*, knowing *that* not to be my motive; againſt my *conſcience* I conſented. When we got there I took hold of a *plaguy* pocket-book intending only to aſk the price; and finding it to coſt ſix ſhillings, I laid it down again, as I could not afford it. The man ſoon after ſaid I had *ſtolen* it. I knew I was innocent, and denied the charge. He wanted to feel in my pockets; which I thought very inſolent, and would

not let him. However, among them, they would do ſo, and my reſiſtance was in vain:—and to be ſure *there* it *was!*—and *Breſtlaw* muſt have conjured it there, for I cannot imagine how elſe it was done. So then, Sir, there was ſuch a mob about me you cannot think; and I was abuſed and called a thief, and I do not know what; and he declared he would ſend me to the juſtice, unleſs I would give him a guinea: and amongſt us *all* we could not muſter one, and ſo at laſt I was forced to let him have my medal; but indeed, Sir, I did not till the *very laſt*; and I have been miſerable ever ſince."

"The *guilty*, *William*, will ever

be ſo," returned Mr. *Graves* very ſeriouſly; "and I am ſincerely ſorry to rank you in that number; but tell me when you felt for it in the morning, was it in your pocket? You know it could not be, why then did you ſuffer me to think the contrary, and to commend you while I partly blamed your brother?" "You have taught me, Sir," replied he, "that an honeſt confeſſion is the beſt reparation for a fault. I wiſh I had done it ſooner, but *Harry Fairform* perſuaded me to keep it *ſecret* for his ſake. I do not wiſh to lay the blame upon *him* to make *myſelf* appear leſs guilty; but his bad advice made me take my

brother's medal, which he found in the garden, and I have kept it till juſt now, when I could not be eaſy longer to detain it. And now, Sir, you know the whole; — if you can truſt my promiſe for the future, I will never again behave ſo unworthy of your affection; and if you knew what I have ſuffered for my preſent fault, it might incline you to pity and forgive me." — Here he ceaſed, held down his head, nor had courage to look up.—

Mr. *Graves*, with great kindneſs, took him by the hand, "Your *honeſty*," ſaid he, "pleads much in your favor, and as you

feel a conviction of your fault, I hope I may rely upon you for the future. The end of reprehenſion and puniſhment, is but to *amend* the offender: and if your heart is truly *generous*, an immediate *forgiveneſs* of your error, will bind you moſt ſtrongly to future watchfulneſs. Let this inſtance, however, teach you that *candor* of diſpoſition which you ought to exerciſe for *others*; and remember that although, as you juſtly obſerved, "every one may be good if they *pleaſe*," yet that circumſtances do ſometimes ariſe, where the beſt hearts may be *ſeduced* or ſurprized into guilt: and therefore, though you ſhould guard your own conduct with

peculiar care, yet you ought never to forget every charitable allowance for the faults of *others*. It is raſhneſs, preſumption, and folly, to condemn thoſe actions of which we know not the cauſe, the temptation, or the motive. But as to the character of *Harry Fairform*, you may fairly conclude it to be improper for your imitation. Vice cannot be diveſted of guilt; and he muſt be extremely wicked who can laugh at a parent's prohibition, and wilfully perſuade another to do wrong. His advice this morning was founded in *meanneſs*, *ſelfiſhneſs*, and *deceit*; and thus, my dear boy, have you been led on ſtep by ſtep from the commiſſion

of one bad action to another; till you have loſt the calm peace which *innocence* only can beſtow, and feel your mind a prey to the uneaſy ſenſations of *guilt*. Be aſſured, my child, that if you purſue that courſe, it is ſtill more thorny. Had you added to your crimes a *lie*, I ſhould have detected you immediately, as the man to whom you gave the medal, preſented it to *Fanny Mopwell*, and I have it now in my hand. This *W. S.* I ſcratched on it myſelf in this particular place, that I might know in caſe either of them were loſt to which it belonged; and the initials of your brother and ſiſter you will find in theirs. Conſi-

der then the improvement that you may reap from this tranſaction. — However in ſecret any ill action may ſeem to be committed; yet ſome unthought of and unexpected circumſtance may diſcover it. Little did you think this morning of ſeeing the child who is below; and ſtill leſs was you apprehenſive when you invited her home, that ſhe would be the perſon to bring your medal to me. Let this convince you, then, that if you do wrong, you are ever liable to *detection* by the moſt unlikely means, and in conſequence are open to *diſgrace*. *Security*, my dear child, is the certain attendant on *Virtue*: an *honeſt* heart has no mean ſecret

to *conceal*; and therefore, is at all times free from thoſe uneaſy cares, with which you have this morning been ſo much diſtreſſed: it needs no evaſion, and is above the uſe of any. Cheriſh, therefore, this openneſs of character which is ſo truly amiable, by avoiding every thing which your *conſcience* tells you is improper. That inward monitor is in ſuch caſes your beſt director. If you feel *uneaſy*, and are conſcious you are acting as your friends would condemn, be not afraid of *ridicule*. You may ſuffer from its ſhafts for a few moments, and may find it diſagreeable to be laughed at by thoſe who are more fooliſh and more wicked

than yourſelf; but in a little time this will be over, and afterwards you will enjoy the approbation of your friends, and your own heart: and this, my boy, is a noble recompence. As for doing wrong from the principle of not fearing *puniſhment*, it is the weakeſt argument that can be urged. A boy who is not afraid to *deſerve* chaſtiſement, muſt have loſt every principle of honor: and though your friends have always treated you with generoſity, it is becauſe you have hitherto been *obedient* and *good* in return. Nor would it be to their credit to let you eſcape with impunity, if you ſhould purſue a different conduct. Ne-

ver, therefore, boaſt that you are not *afraid* of the rod, but that you are determined never to incur the ſmart: that you will never be perſuaded to a *mean action*, and *therefore* it is an object which can cauſe you no terror. I know you heart is generous, but you are eaſily perſuaded. You muſt fortify yourſelf in this particular, or you will be in great danger of error in your future life. *Steadineſs* of *principle*, my dear *child*, is abſolutely neceſſary to form a great and good man. You love your brother,—but to oblige a worthleſs boy, you conſented to *injure*, to *deceive*, and to *diſtreſs* him. Did not his unſuſpecting innocence

wound you, when he begged you would *look* for his medal, and thanked you for your trouble? —Thus it is, that wickedneſs of any kind, hardens the heart. However, I flatter myſelf, you will take warning from this inſtance of your miſconduct, and be taught, that it is impoſſible to fix bounds to a *bad action*, or to ſay, I will go on ſo far in error, and then I will ſtop: when once you conſent to the ſmalleſt deviation from innocence, it is not poſſible to determine how deeply you may be involved in guilt, or to what lengths of miſchief or wickedneſs your firſt fault may conduce."

William, with the greateſt contrition, promiſed to be more cautious for the future; and his grandfather after ſealing his forgiveneſs with repeated embraces, left him to recover his former compoſure.—His mind now in ſome meaſure relieved from the heavy burthen with which he had been oppreſſed, ſoon regained a ſufficient degree of calmneſs to rejoin his friends; though ſtill the conſciouſneſs of the late tranſactions abated his vivacity, and made him baſhful and ſilent. His thoughts during the morning had been wholly engaged with his own concerns; but when dinner was over, he recollected that he had promiſed to return

the ſhilling to *Tony*, which he had ſo generouſly lent him in his diſtreſs. Unwilling to renew the ſubject with any of his relations, he was again diſtreſſed for money; but reſolving to keep his promiſe, he applied to his ſiſter for two ſhillings, which ſhe immediately gave him, and he ſet off full ſpeed on his way to the village, to find his ſooty friend. For ſome time before he arrived at the place, he heard the ſcreams of an object ſeemingly in violent pain. As he approached, they ſounded fainter and more exhauſted; and when he reached the ſpot, they ceaſed entirely.—But judge of his diſappointment, terror, and compaſ-

ſion, when he beheld the unfortunate *Tony Climbwell*, unbound from a tree by his inhuman maſter, who had been beating him with a leather ſtrap, and had afterwards given him a blow on the head with his bruſh, which had ſtunned and deprived him of ſenſe, in conſequence of which he fell to the ground, and was left there with a kick from the ſame brutal wretch, and threatened,—"that if he did not ſoon get up, he would come and rouze him with a vengeance."

William went to him with an intention to raiſe him; but found he could not ſtand, nor return him any anſwer to his enquiries.

At a little diſtance, however, he diſcovered the boy who had been *Tony*'s companion at their firſt meeting; and after calling him ſome time in vain, went up to him, and begged to know for what crime his fellow apprentice had been ſo cruelly uſed. "I am afraid of going to help him," ſaid *Jack*,—"but Maſter has beat him becauſe he did not bring home the ſhilling which he had yeſterday for ſweeping 'Squire *Nicely*'s chimney. He told maſter as *how* he could bring it him to-day; and maſter did wait till the afternoon; but now he *was* in ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "he would kill him;" and I was afraid as *how* he would, and I

believe he has, I do not ſee him ſtir; and ſure he would get up if he could, for fear of a ſecond drubbing." "And has my crime been the occaſion of *this* evil too?" ſaid *William:* "Well might my grandfather ſay I did not know where the miſchief of an error may ſtop. My poor *Tony!* what ſhall I do to recover thee? and how ſhall I recompence thy ſufferings? ſufferings too which *I* have occaſioned!" —With this lamentation he returned to the unfortunate object of his pity, who after a heavy groan opened his eyes.—"*Tony!*" cried *Sedley*, endeavouring to raiſe him, "my dear boy, how do you do?"—The voice of com-

paſſion ſounded ſo ſtrange to him, that he looked amazed at his friend; who repeating his queſtion, begged him to get up, and if he could, to walk forward with him a little way.

A chimney-ſweeper is accuſtomed to ill uſage; and *Tony* had not fallen into the hands of a maſter who would ſpare him his full ſhare of ſuffering.—He aroſe, however, with *William*'s aſſiſtance, and crept on till they came to a field-gate, over which he ſcrambled with difficulty, and then ſat down under a hedge, which concealed him from obſervation. — *Sedley* with tears entreated him to forgive him for

not having ſooner diſcharged his debt, and for being the occaſion of bringing him into ſo much trouble; " but why," ſaid he, " did you not come to me, and you might have been ſure I would have paid you immediately." " Ah! maſter," replied *Tony*, " I thought you would; and ſo this morning I went to his honor's at the great houſe, where I firſt ſaw you, and the gay coach, and the long tail nags; and ſo I *axed* for young maſter, for I did not know your name; and the coachman I fancy it was, ſaid, " I was a pretty fellow to *axe* for young maſter truly; but that, however young maſter, was not at home." I then ſaid you owed

me a ſhilling, and begged him to pay it for you, and I dared to ſay you would return it. Upon this he bid me go about my buſineſs for an impudent knave; and giving me two or three hearty ſmacks with a long horſe-whip he had in his hand, ſent me out of the court-yard." How very unfortunate!" cried *Sedley*; " this muſt have happened while I was out with my grandfather; but I will now pay you immediately," added he, giving him the two ſhillings he had brought. " I have no more at preſent; but the firſt money I get, you ſhall ſhare it I promiſe you." I lent you but *one*," ſaid *Tony*, " ſo you have given me

this too much." "Keep it, keep it," replied *William*, "I only wiſh that I had more to give."—

At this inſtant little *Jack* (whoſe fear of his maſter had kept him from viſiting his companion, but who had watched him into the field) came running to *Tony* with information that he might go home, for that his tormentor was gone to the ale-houſe. — The boy immediately got up, and ſaid, "he would make the beſt of his way, and take the opportunity of going back; for that his miſtreſs was the kindeſt creature in the world, and would be glad to ſee him again." — *William* was de-

termined to accompany him; and they ſoon reached the cottage together. — The poor woman was holding one hand over her eye, the other ſuſtained a little infant whom ſhe was ſuckling, and who looked up at her every now and then with a ſmile, while her tears dropped on its innocent face. A girl about two years old was ſtanding by her knee, and crying for ſome victuals, and to be taken up, mammy. Another child at a broken table, was trying to reach a bit of ſtale cruſt covered with ſoot, that his father had toſſed out of his pocket.—Such was the ſcene young *Sedley* beheld at his entrance; and which preſented a

ſtriking contraſt to the elegance he had been always accuſtomed to.—"What is the matter, miſtreſs?" cried *Tony*, in an accent of compaſſion and concern.—At the ſound of his voice, ſhe looked up, and ſhewed her eye, which was ſwelled in ſuch a manner ſhe could ſcarcely ſee.—"Oh! my poor boy, how are you?" ſhe replied, "I thought you had been killed, and by interceding in your behalf, provoked your maſter ſo much, that he gave me a blow ſo ſevere I really thought it would have ended all my troubles together.—But who is that young gentleman?" added ſhe.—*Tony* briefly related the account of their late meeting, as

he had before informed her of the occaſion of their acquaintance, and that he had lent *William* the ſhilling, which had cauſed them ſo much trouble.

The children now became more clamorous for food; but ſhe told them ſhe had nothing to give them. — *Tony*, however, ſhewed the money he had received; and promiſed if they were good, they ſhould have a quartern loaf. He then diſpatched *Jack* to fetch one, whoſe ſpeedy return afforded all parties great ſatisfaction. The eagerneſs with which they devoured the ſtale bread, occaſioned *Sedley* the higheſt aſtoniſhment. They each thank-

ed him for his kindneſs, when told they owed it to him; and he experienced more pleaſure in having contributed to their comfort, than any amuſement had hitherto afforded him: yet his delight was much damped by the recollection of the pain he had occaſioned; and the bruiſe on poor Mrs. *Blackall*'s eye was an addition to all the other miſchief which had attended his fault. He thought it time, however, to take his leave, and wiſhing them a good-night and a ſpeedy recovery, ſet out on his return home. — *Fanny* was gone when he arrived; and he was not a little diſappointed that he had loſt the opportunity of en-

joying her company, and ſtill more, that he had forgotten to aſk for the reſt of the book, which contained the account of Mr. *Active* and his family; or to return the part which ſhe had lent him. The next morning he ſent the ſervant to deliver it to her at her uncle's, as he had promiſed to return it before he went back to ſchool.

Mr. *Graves* having been rather indiſpoſed the preceding evening, did not breakfaſt with the family; and his grandſon very ſoon retired to his apartment in order to amuſe him with his converſation. — "You are very kind, my dear boy," ſaid he,

" to favor me with your company; but as your holidays are nearly over, I do not wiſh to confine you to an old man's room, as I am ſenſible that more lively entertainments are better reliſhed at your time of life."— *William* aſſured him that his attendance was voluntary; and then informed him of his viſit to the poor chimney-ſweeper, and all the circumſtances which had attended it. — " Unhappy *Tony!*" replied Mr. *Graves*, " his fate is a ſevere one! and yet, my child, it is but a few days ago, ſince you wiſhed to be in his ſituation. Do you not now feel the folly of ſeeking to change your ſtate in life at a venture, only

becauſe you are diſſatisfied with ſome trifling circumſtance which diſturbs you at the preſent moment? I would not wiſh you to be inſenſible to the grief of parting with your friends. That heart which is deſtitute of affection and gratitude, is unworthy to be ranked with human beings. But do you conſider, that an opportuity of purſuing your ſtudies is a bleſſing which you ought to value as ineſtimable; and inſtead of repining at your fate, you ſhould be thankful that your parents have it in their power to give you this high advantage. Never, therefore, for the future, allow yourſelf to judge by outward ap-

pearance; nor let any agreeable proſpect either in the affluent or the indigent, incite you to wiſh yourſelf in the condition of another; ſince you may be aſſured, *that* ſtate in which you are placed is the beſt ſuited to *you*. Higher wiſdom than our's directs every event; and it is well we are not left to determine our own ſituation." — "I," ſaid Maſter *Sedley*, "as I am now convinced, have indeed *reaſon* to be ſatisfied; but ſure *Tony*, expoſed to the world without a friend, left to the ſavage cruelty of an inhuman maſter, obliged to *labour* for his *bread*, and to *ſtarve* when he has earned it, — ſurely, Sir, *he* may wiſh to change, and not

be blamable for being diſcontented." "No one, my dear," returned Mr. *Graves*, "can ſtand excuſed for murmuring againſt Providence when we know that the world is not left to the confuſion of chance. We have reaſon to be eaſy under the moſt afflictive circumſtances. *Tony* wiſhed to be in your place on *Monday*; and had he been metamorphoſed in perſon and ſituation, with the remembrance of his former ſtate in his mind, he would probably for ſome time have been much happier. But ſuppoſing him to have had *your* ideas, he would have been, as you then ſtiled yourſelf, *the moſt miſerable creature in the world*;

and even wiſhed for that very ſtate which now excites all your compaſſion. The miſeries of poverty are great: they call for your pity: they have a right to expect your relief. But this world is not the *only* hope of the *good*. Riches are not to be conſidered as your *own* property. They are *lent* you to be well beſtowed. Every one is accountable for his portion, be it great or ſmall. You have now only a few ſhillings, or it may be a guinea at your diſpoſal. As you uſe the little you have at preſent, in all probability in the ſame manner you will beſtow the poſſeſſions you will have in future. Accuſtom yourſelf, there-

fore, to conſider you ſhould lay by a part of your ſmall ſtock to relieve the poor *now*, and you will find increaſing pleaſure in the power of being more liberal hereafter. Our *vices*, *William*, in every ſtate will be productive of miſery. No ſituation is neceſſarily unhappy. If the *rich* are *wicked*, they can have no enjoyment; and the ſame cauſe will add double diſtreſs to *poverty*. *Tony*'s maſter is drunken, paſſionate, and prodigal. He waſtes his ſmall gains at the ale-houſe, beats his apprentice without reaſon, abuſes his wife, and injures his children. This cauſes miſery to himſelf and to his whole family. But theſe evils are not

to be reckoned as attendant upon poverty: they would equally deſtroy the felicity of the man of fortune. A bad temper ſpoils the reliſh of every enjoyment: a good one ſweetens the toils of labour; nay, can mitigate ſorrow, ſickneſs, and want.—I called the day before yeſterday on a poor family who live in a cottage adjoining to *Tony*'s maſter. Mr. *Scrapewell*, juſt riſen from a neat but ſhabby bed; was placed in an old wicker chair on one ſide the door, to feel the refreſhment of the air; while his eldeſt daughter, a girl of about fifteen years of age, appeared buſy in putting the room in order; and when I entered was

ſweeping the ſand on the floor with a little heath broom. Another girl was picking ſome parſley, which ſhe put into a baſon of water, or pipkin I believe they call it, for it had yellow ſtripes and black ſpots upon it, and I ſhould not have noticed it, if I had not afterwards thrown it down by accident and broke it. Three or four other children were playing about; and the youngeſt, near ſix months old, was aſleep in a cradle, which he rocked every now and then with his foot. They placed a ſeat for me, and I enquired how large a family he had? "O! Sir," replied he, "we have nine; and that is my eldeſt. We ſtruggle

hard; for it is a great many to maintain. My firſt four put us almoſt out of heart, as my wife had them very faſt, and uſed to grieve, and fret, and vex herſelf to think where we ſhould get bread; but I told her God would fit the back to the burden, or the burden to the back; and I tried to comfort her all I could, and uſed to ſay, Why *lookee* now, *Beckey!* when we were *alone* we did but live, and when we had *one* child we could do no more; ſo I truſt if we have a dozen we ſhall do as much. But yet, Sir, I own my own heart failed me, when I thought how *faſt* money *went out*, and how *ſlow* it *came in*, though I worked,

and worked my fingers to the bone. Yet I prayed God to bleſs us, and hitherto, though we have been driven to many a hard pinch, thanks to his mercy, we have kept out of the work-houſe; and often when I have been at my laſt farthing, and we have lived within an inch of ſtarving, he has raiſed us up ſome unexpected friend, and we have jogged on again much as uſual. So this has taught me *never* to deſpair; and I am determined to put the beſt foot forward, and hope we ſhall do again yet, though I have been laid up with an ague and fever theſe ſix weeks." — As he finiſhed this account, his wife returned from

the field with her gown on her arm, her green ſtays left open on account of the heat, and her cap tied up over her head. She looked hot indeed; and dropping me a curteſy as ſhe entered, affectionately enquired after her huſband: then taking up the infant, kiſſed it, ſuckled it, and gave it to one of the girls to nurſe, while ſhe went back again to her labour, after eating a few mouthfuls of bread and cheeſe. Love, harmony, neatneſs, good-humour, civility, and kindneſs, dwell in their little cot, and yet, *William*, their riches are not greater than the chimney-ſweeper's. Virtue and œconomy only make the difference. While the one ſquanders his

ſmall gain at the ale-houſe, the other is laying up every farthing as a proviſion for his children; and his good conduct enſures him aſſiſtance and protection from all who know him. Add to this one conſideration, which is more than all the reſt, that the bleſſing of Heaven will attend the good, and keep that mind in peace which is ſtaid on its ſupport."

As Mr. *Graves* concluded this ſentence Mr. *Sedley* ſoftly opened the door. "I thought you had been aſleep, Sir," ſaid he, "or I ſhould have been with you ſooner. I am afraid this young man has diſturbed you." "O!

not at all," returned the old gentleman, " his company is always a cordial to me. I forget the infirmities of age when I ſee my children and grandchildren round me; and I am ſorry we muſt ſo ſoon part from *William* as you mentioned this morning." " He muſt go to ſchool this week," ſaid his father. " We ſhall all grieve to loſe him; but his learning cannot be neglected. He will not wiſh, I hope, to waſte this moſt important part of his life without its due improvement; and now is the time to lay the foundation for every future excellence." " But is not the culture of the *heart* then," replied

the melancholy *Sedley*, "is not that the moſt eſſential point? and I am ſure if I improve in the knowledge of the claſſics, I do not in the ſcience of Virtue: and pray of what uſe is it to learn the metamorphoſes of *Ovid?* that *Arachne* was converted into a ſpider,—*Narciſſus* transform-to a flower,—that *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe* were turned into mulberry-trees,—and the reſt of the fabulous ſtories of the poets? What is it to me that *Æneas* went to *Carthage*,—that *Dido* ſtabbed herſelf when he departed thence; or that he afterward, conquered in the engagement with *Turnus*; and the reſt of the hiſtory with which we are plagued in *Virgil?* And as to the care of my *morals* I am under

much greater temptations, from the bad examples of my ſchool-fellows, and from wanting the kind advice of my friends, than I could be at home. And as I am not deſigned either for a clergyman or counſellor, I do not ſee any great neceſſity for my learning ſo *very* much." "I am ſorry to ſee you thus averſe to ſtudy," ſaid his father, "as it is of the utmoſt conſequence to your appearance in life. Do you conſider, that without a cultivated underſtanding, a thorough knowledge of hiſtory, and an acquaintance with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Terence*, *Ovid*, and thoſe authors who you ſeem ſo much to deſpiſe; you can never make

an agreeable companion to men of ſenſe. By the peruſal of hiſtory you will learn to diſtinguiſh truth from fable, and to know what part is founded on fact, and what on the imagination of the poet. Theſe authors will ſtore your mind with images the moſt ſublime and beautiful, aſſiſt your judgment, and form your taſte; ſince their works have been eſteemed the model for compoſition in all ſucceeding times. Without a conſtant attention, therefore, to improve in reading and underſtanding them, you will be ignorant of thoſe ſubjects which every author refers to; which are frequently the foundation of converſation, and which

afford hints to the ſculptor and the painter for their fineſt pieces. You will ſtare with ſtupid wonder at every object of this kind that you meet with, unknowing to what they refer, or what they mean to repreſent. Beſides, as the Heathen Mythology, or account of their Gods, is connected with this ſtudy, it is abſolutely neceſſary you ſhould be acquainted with it. Many things that now appear abſurd in the account of their worſhip, had in their original a deeper moral: this though idle boys may not underſtand or ſearch for, it would much improve you to be taught. When you read that *Minerva* the Goddeſs of wiſdom

was produced out of *Jupiter*'s brain; the poets intended to repreſent by it, that the wit and ingenuity of man did not invent the uſeful ſciences, which were for univerſal advantage derived from the brain of *Jupiter*; that is, from the inexhauſted fountain of the *Divine Wiſdom*, from whence not only the arts and ſciences, but the bleſſings of knowledge and virtue alſo proceed. The helm, the ſhield, and all the different ſymbols which belong to her character have each their particular meaning: to inſtance to you only in one of them. The owl, a bird ſuppoſed to ſee in the dark, was ſacred to *Minerva*, and painted upon her images,

as the repreſentation of a wiſe man, who ſcattering and diſpelling the clouds of ignorance and error, is clear ſighted when others are ſtark blind. So you, who take all the fictions of the poets for nonſenſe and folly, would, if you had learning to comprehend their meaning, not only be entertained with their beauties, but improved by the moral they contain. The more you know, and the greater proficiency you make in ſtudy, the higher pleaſure will it afford you; but while you conſider your leſſons as *taſks* which you are to get by heart, and what will be of no uſe to you in future, you defeat the purpoſe

of your education, are unhappy now, and will be deſpiſed and contemned hereafter. A *gentleman* ſhould be ſtill more ſuperior by his *merit* than his *fortune:* his knowledge ſhould be more general and diffuſive than is required for any profeſſion whatever. He ought to be acquainted with the great authors of ancient and modern times, underſtand the conſtitution and laws of his own country; and by the contemplation of every noble character, learn to form his own to perfection. Do not, therefore, entertain ſo mean an opinion of yourſelf, or your future conſequence, as to rely on your *eſtate* alone for reſpect. Let

religion be your guide and chief ſtudy; but let hiſtory, poetry, with every branch of polite and uſeful learning, be conſidered as *eſſential* to your education."—

Here ceaſed Mr. *Sedley*, and his ſon looked down in timid ſilence, fearful he had offended his friends by the indifference he had expreſſed for his exerciſe. Mr. *Graves*, however, encouraged him, by kindly adding, "When you have maſtered the firſt ſteps, you will mount upward with alacrity. The beginning of every attempt is difficult; but be of good courage; perſe-

vere, and you will find it afterwards pleaſant, eaſy, and agreeable."

During the foregoing converſation, *Jeffery Squander* had called to invite *William* to dine with him, and afterwards to return to ſchool in his father's coach; and Mrs. *Sedley* now introduced the young gentleman up ſtairs. The offer was ſo convenient (as it was before intended he ſhould go back the next morning) that it was accepted with ſatisfaction by all but the perſon whom it moſt concerned. Yet poor *Sedley* was aſhamed to expreſs his reluctance while in company with his ſchool-fellow; and made no

oppoſition to the propoſal. The tears, however, which he endeavoured to ſuppreſs, would officiouſly ſtart into his eyes.—His father patted him on the back, and ſaid, "it would make but a few hours difference."—His grandfather ſtroaked his cheek as he turned round towards the window to hide his emotion. This affected him ſtill more, and his mother letting fall her ſciſſars, he picked them up; but as ſhe was ſtooping for them at the ſame time, he ſaw that her eyes ſhewed equal concern; which, unwilling to have obſerved, ſhe had not immediately wiped away, and he received a tear upon his hand.—It was

neceſſary he ſhould immediately retire to prepare for his departure. He was ſpared the pain of taking leave of his brother and ſiſter, they happening to be from home; a circumſtance which he much regretted, as they would not return till the evening.

When he had given a little indulgence to his grief in private, he returned to his friends, and endeavoured to aſſume a more cheerful countenance than ſuited the affliction of his mind. But he remembered the *chimney-ſweeper*, and tried to be ſatisfied. At length his companion being impatient, he was obliged to take

a hafty leave of his beloved relations, and followed by their affectionate wifhes for his welfare, accompanied *Jeffery Squander* with a melancholy heart to dinner, and to SCHOOL.

THE END.

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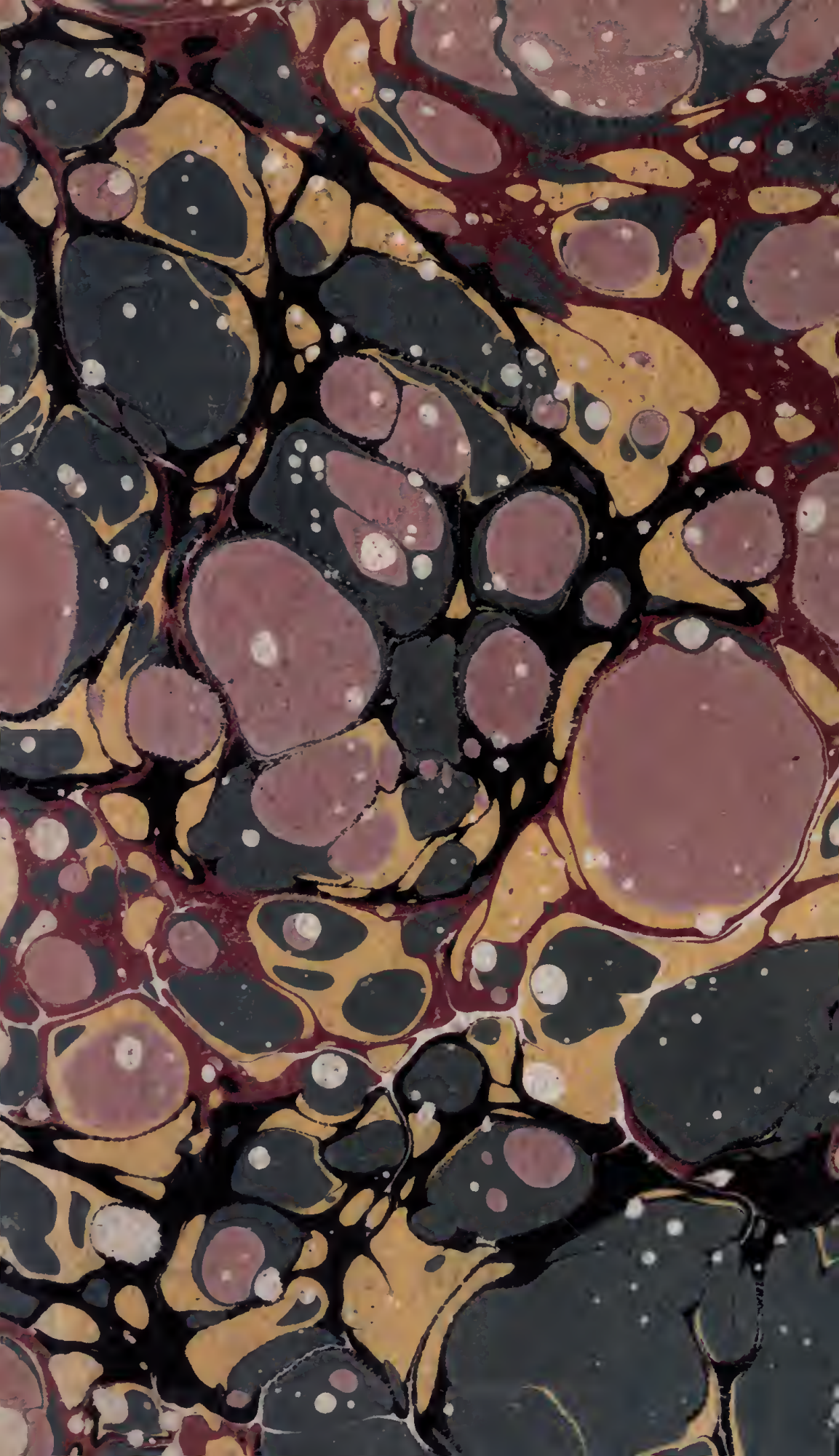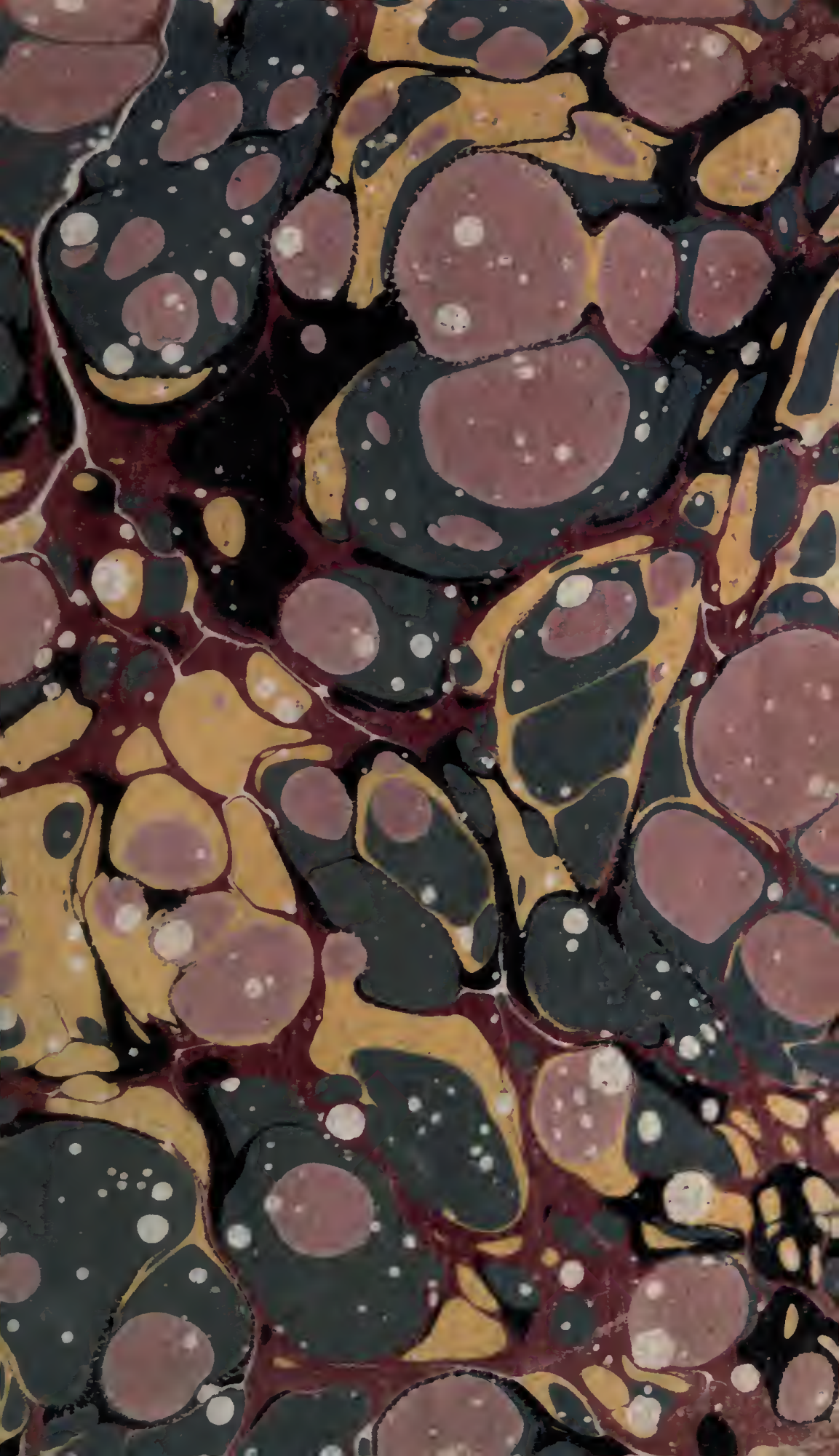
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